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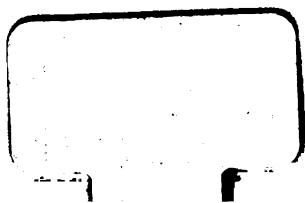
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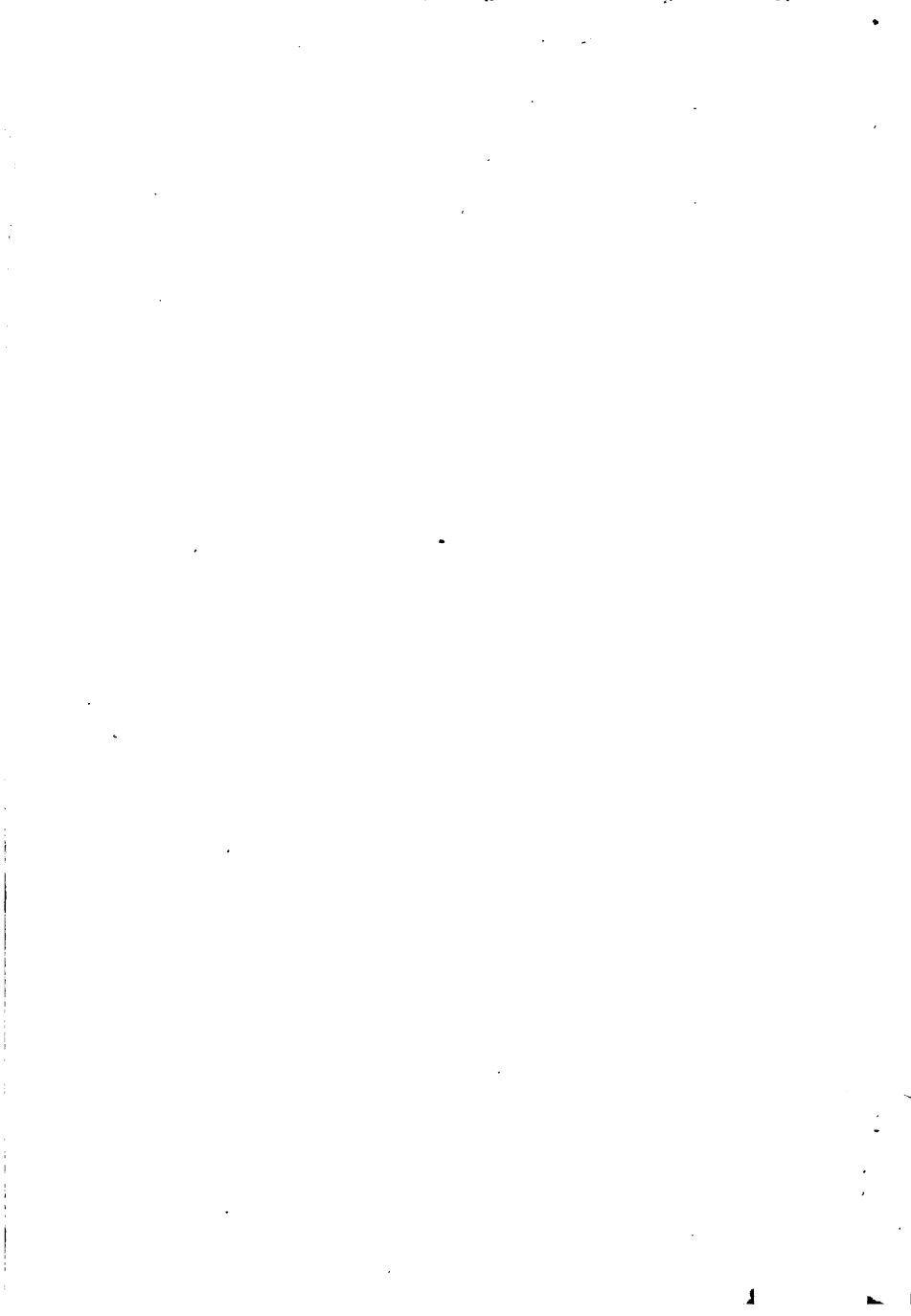


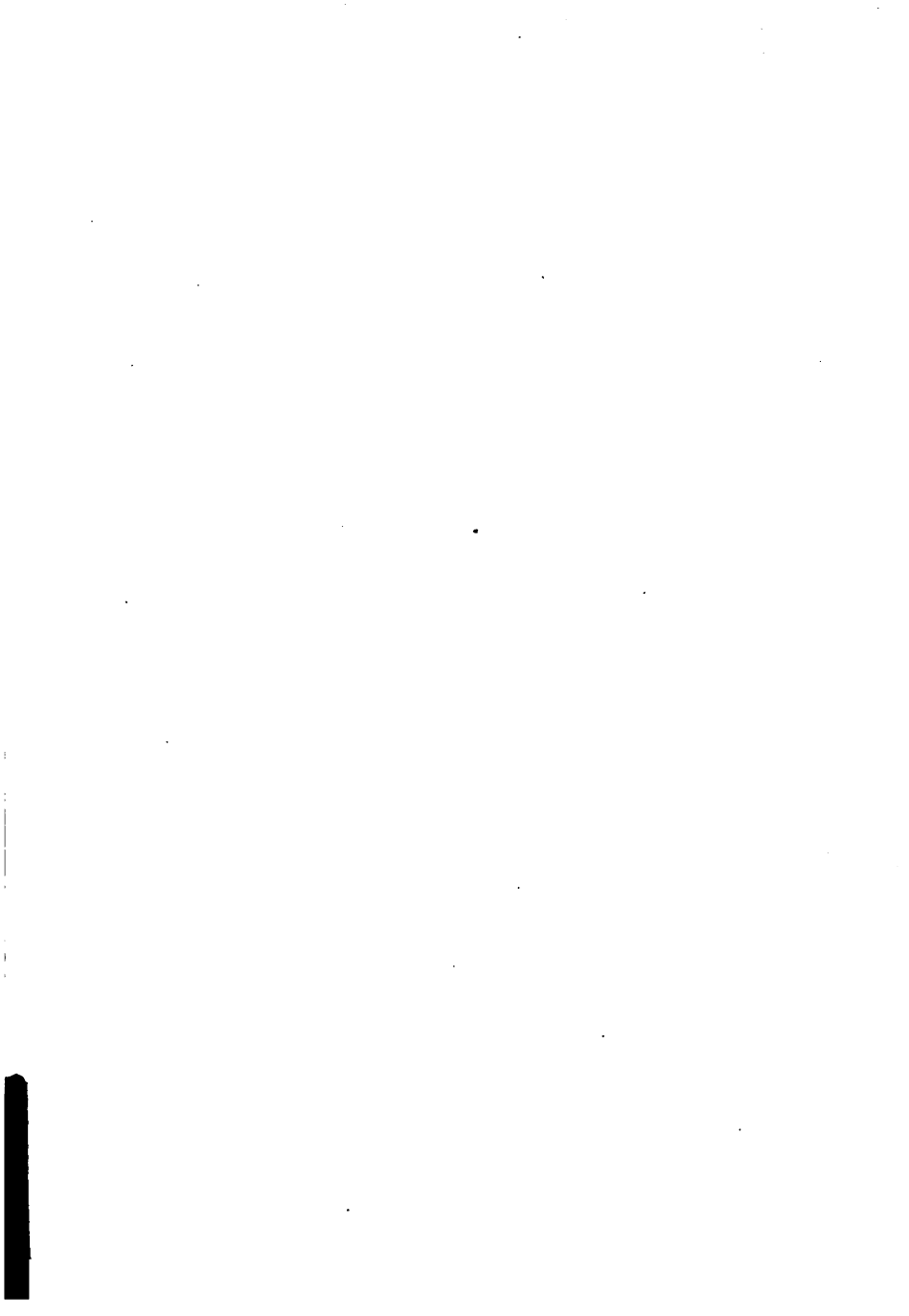
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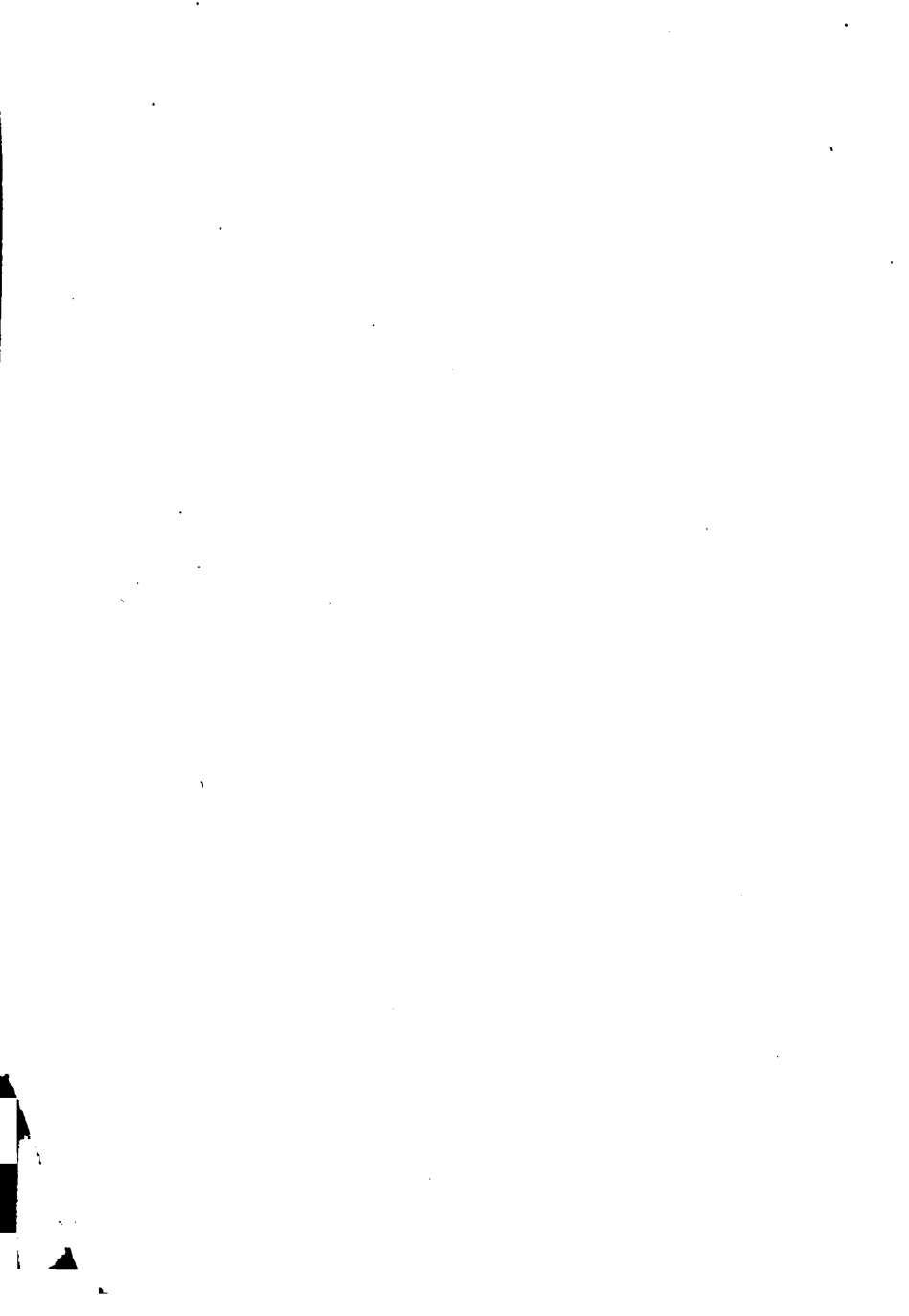
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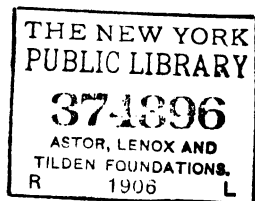
THE VAGABOND BOOK



THE VAGABOND BOOK

BY
FRANK FARRINGTON

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VAGABOND

THIS call to Vagabondia is not an attempt to induce the members of the world of industry to abandon legitimate pursuits and come out upon the highways to live an aimless, pauper existence. Vagabondia does not mean trampdom. It means simply, get the love of God's outdoors in your heart; get the highways and the byways in your blood. Know no restrictions of weather or of season. All year round is the roving time for the true lover of the star-set canopy and the woods and the fields, come rain or shine. Get out of doors and be a vagabond!

When vacation offers opportunity, let not the chance unimproved slip by. Vagabondia with all her glories, her splendid beauties, her absorbing freedom, is at hand. There is in Nature's heart a love of mankind that bids her draw you to her breast. Repulse her not.

If vacation is yet afar off or even if yours be a life in which (though Heaven forbid!) vaca-

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tions are unknown, yet there are portions of the limitless realm of Vagabondia accessible at your very door. There is no need of shutting out Nature because perchance you cannot see her under the most ideal conditions.

If available only in the stilted form of artificial park, seek her there. Find some place from which a vista looking across the water or into the hills will take you out of your sordid self. Be a Vagabond at heart.

If the times and seasons, the snows of winter, April's showers and greenness, summer's fascinating sweet idleness, and the ripened autumn, please you only as one caring naught for art admires it as a clever trick of imitation; if outdoors does not grip your heart with a clutch that threatens to drag you forth into the woods, away from business however urgent, then these verses and these little essays will be to you but words, idle words. Pass them by, they're not for thee. If you are a Vagabond—well, the Vagabond is a law unto himself and what he may accept or reject, no man can pre-determine, but of this the writer is certain, you will understand.

VAGABOND INVITATION

COME along, all vagabonds,
Here's the roving season.
Leave the humdrum, workaday
Life and let unreason

Be your guiding star a while.
Wander where the weather,
Frosty morns and early eves,
Eats away the tether

Bound around you by the cares
Of labor, labor, labor.
Shake the sordid from your soul,
Forget that work's your neighbor.

Strike the pike with joy afoot
Through the autumn's shining.
If it showers, never mind,
There's a silver lining.

Take God's star-set canopy
For a roof protection;
Out of doors be all your home,
Four walls breed dejection.

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Join the free-heart rovers who
Know the earth's best pleasure.
An autumn haze o'er all the days
And time one need not measure.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN

"No sound was in the woodland save
The squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs,
Low rustling as they fell."

THE nature lover's poet, the poet whose verse is of a natural simplicity, free from complexity, though possessed of depths which are comprehended only after reading and re-reading, is beyond a doubt Whittier, with his ideal outdoor realm pictured through all the changes of the year.

One of the most beautiful songs, from a Vagabond's point of view, is "The Last Walk in Autumn," which I beg you to read if you are of the roving heart. You will realize part of its beauty though you be hard-headed and practical.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN

but if you can catch the true spirit of such verse you will in poetry find something responsive which you have hitherto missed.

Just before the coming of the melancholy days which belong to the early winter, or to fall—which to me seems to be a season midway between autumn and winter—one must take what will be the last walk before autumn gives way to its successor.

Although devotedly and professedly a Vagabond, yet the coming of winter must drive one to seek the fireside's warmth a portion of the time, though it be with a heart-depressing regret that outdoors is less available than in the open seasons.

The prophecies of winter's approach always sadden the soul, and to the rover of the woods and the fields they make that sadness too deep for words to describe. It is as if the death of one summer could not be atoned for in the birth of another. The summer to come will in turn become as dear as the one departing, though the knowledge of that serves but little to moderate the grief caused by the loss.

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Sadness seems to impregnate the very atmosphere of the last autumn afternoon, scarce sunlit, though far off to the south shines the sun, unobscured by any cloud; and it is in a mood corresponding to nature's own that one sets out, stick in hand, for the last walk in autumn.

The browning pastures slope back from the valley to the edge of the woodland where the thorn-apple bushes make a fringe of Quaker gray as far as the eye can distinguish between them and the more leaden gray of the deeper woods of beech and oak.

Foliage is only of the evergreens or of an occasional beech whose crisp, brown leaves will not be separated from the parent stem. Color seems to have been ruled out of nature's decorative scheme as much as though a semi-mourning garb had been donned. It is not entirely missing, but has become a matter of minute detail and is found in splotches of red sumach pompons, bright green grass around the springs, mullein leaves of delicate green, purpling blackberry stalks and the gayer colors of mosses and lichens.

The sun's long noon shadows are lacking in

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN

sharpness of outline, and one faces the south to find Sol looking him squarely but sleepily in the eye. The hills are hazy and all the world is unrecognizable as the same world that June knew.

If one strolls out of the village and along the river road it will be with a sense of a subtle, all-pervading quiet. True, sounds are plenty; the river rushes along with a bluster of self-importance over its stronger current, the chickadees call back and forth and an occasional lumber wagon rolls by, laden to the top of the side-boards with apples and a row of empty barrels, on the way to the cider-mill; but in spite of the occasional noises, the sense of quiet will not down. It is the calm spirit of the autumn pervading everything, and it gives to the heart a feeling like unto that which comes with silence.

A mile out of the village a lane branches from the road, and following the heart's inclination one takes that direction and begins to climb the south side of the hill. Exertion proves that the days do still possess warmth, and just at the edge of the woods it is good to sit down in the shelter of

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a big rock where the sun falls hot on its side, and rest.

It is like summer again; the grass is green among the tall brakes and the "devil's pitchforks," grasshoppers and crickets are as lively as ever and one belated bee drones past, seeking a stray Michaelmas daisy or an out-of-season dandelion in some moist spot.

One leans back against the warm rock and watches a woodpecker attack a tall pine stub, and life with its worries and its sordid necessities seems a thing very far off and unneedful of consideration. The breeze blows overhead rattling the dead leaves, and it is like a June breeze as it touches the forehead with its finger, or reaches down to shake the little feather dusters of the goldenrod.

From below in the valley come occasional sounds—the barking of a dog, the shouts of school children on their way home, or perhaps a wagon rumbling over a bridge with a noise like that of distant thunder. A cow lows across the valley, a partridge drums in the underbrush, while high above, circling around the hill's very

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN

top, crow's hoarse call answers call, and yet a sense of quiet envelopes all.

The grateful warmth of the place bids one stay until the walk is apt to end at that point. The sun crawls further into the southwestern hills, the breeze grows chill, and as the shadows creep up your hillside there comes a coolness that starts you villageward in a mood all the more sad for the little glance back into summer.

Early lights are twinkling and the fragrance of leaf bonfires fills the streets. It is fall, and autumn with its gay foliage, its golden harvest fields, its fruit-laden orchards and shouting bands of nut gatherers, has made way for the frosty mornings and the early twilights that prophesy the advent of winter.

THE YEAR'S TWILIGHT

THE grapes are purpling on the wall,
The goldenrod turns gray ;
The tawny beech leaves fade and fall,
Low rustling all the day.

The briars, fruit stripped, vengeance seek
With sharpened claws outstretched.
~~The~~ jingling streamlet's silvery streak
With lifeless leaves is etched.

The grass is parching on the knoll,
The mulleins hang their heads,
The milkweed pods their down unroll,
The thistles' virus spreads.

Naught troubles nature's drowsy sleep
While the year's soft twilight falls,
Save the chipmunk's shrill, persistent "cheep"
Or the crow's uncanny calls.

THROUGH OCTOBER WOODS

THERE'S a path leads through the wood-
land

Where the squirrels chirp and call,
Where the partridge whirs and whistles
Through the days of fading fall.

Deep the winding way is sprinkled
With the leaves of red and brown,
And protesting loud, they rustle
As our footsteps beat them down.

Overhead the naked branches
With but here and there a leaf,
Have lost their scarlet raiment
At the hands of Wind, the thief.

There's a silent sigh of sadness
Goes quivering through the wood;
It's the tree-folk's sign of sorrow
In their melancholy mood.

They are reft of summer beauty
And deserted by each friend;
Now resigned to winter's coming,
Hushed, they're waiting for the end.

VAGABONDIA FOR SHUT-INS

NOT all of those who are Vagabonds at heart can be Vagabonds of foot. To make up for this in some degree the Vagabond heart always goes hand in hand with a vivid imagination, which not only adds to the glory of the outdoor Vagabondia, but makes it more nearly possible to the shut-in.

The shut-in who has no view of green fields or running waters to aid the imagination must perforce make his own Vagabondia, and however devoted a disciple he may be of the creed, there will of course be many days when he will be unable to rise to its sublimest heights. More than this, his imaginary revellings in the glories of outdoors will probably alternate with spells of deep gloom cast by the thought of the inability to enjoy in reality the pictures drawn by the imagination.

But the shut-in who can look upon a willow-bordered stream, a wooded hilltop, a grassy park, a gnarled and knotted orchard or a long, maple-lined village street with snug lawns on either side,

VAGABONDIA FOR SHUT-INS

has therein a basis for endless imaginative journeyings into the unlimited realms of outdoor travel.

If the outlook be the row of maples, there will be an ever changing picture from the time the snows begin to melt in the early spring days until the branches are again covered with glittering ice crystals. First come the robins to bid the trees prepare for the summer campaign; then there is a general raking and scraping of the lawns along the line, giving up, in the warm sun of the first days when the doors and windows are left open, a fresh earthy smell that invigorates and inspires the dullest spirit.

Then the greening branches with the first leaf buds, the up-springing blades in mottled patches on the lawns, crocuses along the house walls and daffodils in the flower beds. Soon the leaves begin to cast a shade on the pavement, the grass reaches a point where the lawn-mower has to be used, and there floats up to open windows a fragrance identical with that which the wanderer meets with in the July days when out among the broad farm lands.

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Every day is different to one who would follow the imagination and forget self to live the life of such outdoors as is visible, be it much or little. Every day the breezes play a different tune among the leaves and every day the leaves flicker with different variations of their artistic and graceful gyrations.

The road lies dusty down the street or it shines with the wet of the recent rain; a brown path it lies for the soul of the shut-in to travel in imagination to the regions where nature is queen, even to the eye of the most prosaic.

When the late days of summer show the leaves with the brightest gloss rubbed from their greenness by the roughness of the winds, and the lawns show brown spots where the dry season has parched the roots of the grass, then comes the time of anticipation, a looking ahead to the glories of the autumn foliage which will be as bright on the avenue for the shut-in as on the hillsides for the rover.

First comes the call of a cicada, then a chorus of them in shrill voiced conclave and the early September days are at hand. Far off in some in-

VAGABONDIA FOR SHUT-INS

visible marsh a red branch flames with its frost danger signal; soon the signal is taken up by one branch of the farthest tree on the avenue; one old, half-broken maple bursts into yellow, and then the whole row, taking alarm at the sign, turn into red and gold torches just before the first hard frost loosens their foliage.

For a week the display of color is beyond description, then a second frost, and in the quiet of the next morning comes a continual shower of the loosened leaves, covering road and pavement with their fresh, moist carpet which by noon has dried and goes scattering before the rising southerly breeze. Still the trees are aflame, and for days the air is filled with the flying leaves as the equinoctial gales tear them from the branches and send them to eternity by way of the relentless bonfires of gleeful youth.

What a memory-arousing incense arises from those same bonfires to entice the imagination away from the cares of the present into the irresponsible freedom of past childhood!

Then comes the time of the bare branches, and when the hunter's moon shows its full face above

THE VAGABOND BOOK

the neighboring house-tops it shows an endless variety of delicate patterns woven in the leafless boughs of the maples.

One window that I know—the window of a shut-in—at first glance seems to look out upon little but blank walls; but above the walls there towers in a single spot a rounding hilltop with a ragged fringe of trees and an open spot around one veritable giant of the forest left standing by some oversight of the woodsman. The observer can see from the window for a considerable distance down the hillside, and though the rest of his little outlook may be dismal enough, yet such is the charm of that hill-crest that it is a source of never ending joy to the shut-in whose sole sight it is of the realm of nature.

There the seasons change from the dazzling white of winter, with a line of rugged rocks stretching across the face of the hill, to the green bank of the summer foliage, and to the variegated crimson and gold of autumn. To a common-place mind it would at any time be but a hillside, just a bit of wooded land, the worse off for having the trees still upon it, but to the confined Vag-

VAGABONDIA FOR SHUT-INS

abond it is a source of a thousand joys; and joys of the soul are no less joys than those of exuberant physical strength.

The detail of nature's beauties escapes the eye of the non-Vagabond, which notes only the great sights: the majestic waterfall, the mighty river, the tallest mountain or the deepest chasm. It is to the shut-in with the narrow horizon that observance of detail reaches its highest perfection.

There is one such with a beautiful view from a high, third-story window, a view which shows a winding stream with rows of willows lining its low banks, a little island meadow with a village beyond and a range of divided hills o'ertopping all. You who have never learned or cared to learn the joys of Vagabondia would weary of the view in an afternoon. You would say, "Yes, to be sure, it is pretty, but there is such a sameness to it. Don't you get very tired of it?"

Of course any one would become weary of the same view day in and day out and year in and year out, but weary not so much of the view as of the deprivation from seeing other views.

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To the person whose own view this one is, it is a source of countless pleasures, and through all the long winter and through all the long summer—if either winter or summer or any time in one life can be called long—the river, the meadow, the willows, the tree-framed roofs, the hills beyond, are each day as a new chapter in a book of well-sustained interest.

There are days when the snow so covers everything that all contrast is obliterated and nothing but white shows from the surface of the frozen stream to the top of the highest peak, while the next day perhaps under the influence of a soft south wind the trees show black against the hill's white coating and the rocks peer through the snow, and if the same wind blows another day, bringing the rain, there will be a general change from the glaring white to an indigo black, ending with a rushing of waters in the little river and a clearing of the sky with the following cold snap, once more putting King Frost in charge of the scene.

All the spring and all the summer the island meadow varies from day to day with a profu-

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sion of cowslips, dandelions, buttercups, violets, daisies, cardinal flower and goldenrod. These come and go in their time with an utter disregard of wind and weather, and the bird choir in the willows supplies a vaudeville far surpassing any to be heard indoors.

The water writhes and wrinkles in endless variety, never twice the same, around the moated field. In the sun of a summer morning it shines clear and cool and refreshing, and in the evening there come across it the lights and shades of the sunset glories; all duplicated in the reflections beneath the willows. The kingfishers watch for their prey from the overhanging branches and now and again dive swiftly and surely into the current, bearing away in each sharp beak wriggling game for the dinner of the mate with a nestful of featherless offspring.

The further hills offer the greatest glory of all the view, and one leaves the beauties of the near at hand with a regret lessened only by the knowledge of further joys.

Hills of azure, hills of gray, hills of golden, purple, opal and maroon, hills of spotless white or

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inky blue; these are the hills across the valley, the hills which are never two days alike, hills which are never aught but glorious and beautiful, awe-inspiring and satisfying to the Vagabond soul. How their summits draw one to leave the narrow, cabined and cribbed confines of the four walls! How they make one long for the freedom of roaming without care or responsibility! How they satisfy the soul that cannot roam, the soul in a body that must measure its travels by the length of the journey from bed to couch and from couch to bed! Thank God for good legs and the strength to use them in going where nature has meant that people should go—out in the glories of the woods, fields, roads and hills!

How the hills speak to one who knows their voices! The photographer may be clever, so cunning perhaps as to reproduce upon his paper the picture of the October afternoon with all its o'erspreading grays and browns and greens reproduced with a perfect regard for their proper tone values and the proportionate light and shadow of each and every tree and shrub. He may make a picture so perfect that no person can

VAGABONDIA FOR SHUT-INS

point a single way in which that picture varies from the original. He may perhaps make it so nearly perfect that you and I, Vagabonds though we are, must acknowledge its perfection; and yet, and yet, to look at the picture will resemble experiencing and seeing the view no more than looking at a perfect painting of the most delicious fruits will resemble eating them and tasting their lusciousness.

The lights and the shadows, the distances, the perspectives and the objects will all be there, but they will not bring the feeling that the hills themselves communicate to one, the indescribable, sympathetic mood which steals upon the senses unawares and sobers the most irrepressible; there will not be the October smell, the perfume of the moistened, dying leaves of the willows and the incense of the bonfires; in short there will be lacking the life of the scene though it be technically perfect, just as one might make up according to a model a perfect reproduction of a bird or a fish, but at the last lack utterly the power to make a live animal of the imitation.

But all these joys of the heart those shut in

THE VAGABOND BOOK

can share with the rover, and we beg of them, with a perfect appreciation of their losses and their deprivations, a more thorough devotion to the creed of the Vagabond, which shall enable them to wander far and wide through the earth without let or hindrance and with endless pleasure to themselves.

LIFE'S HIGHWAY

DUSTY down the valley way
The riband of the road,
A long, brown streamer in the sun,
Leads off from my abode.

I sit, a loafer in the shade
Before my house of clay,
And wonder, wonder as I sit,
Where leads that long highway.

THE WANDERLURE

OH, the wanderer heart is tugging strong
At the leash that holds it fast,
And a luring wile is the siren smile
Of the summer slipping past.

The hills are calling near and far,
The highway stretches brown,
The woodland's show of flaming glow
Draws rover hearts from town.

Come break your tether, heart of mine,
Let's out and steal away.
There's rampant life in the joy that's rife
With the sun of an autumn day.

RIVERS

IN one of his novels, Henry Seton Merriman likened the character of people living along the greater streams to the streams themselves. This classification is not inept and might be carried even further; if one does but walk beside a stream, there is an unconscious tendency on the part of the thoughts to resemble the stream.

One does not wander down a turbulent mountain torrent, the mind placidly contemplating the peaceful qualities of human nature, or dwelling upon the calm, unruffled serenity of a June day, nor does one stray beside a smooth, deep, sluggish river with grass and flower-lined banks, to recline thereon and dream of battles, murders and direful calamities.

It is not that a person deliberately says when starting out to roam along the quiet stream, "Now I will fill my mind with thoughts of peace and piety." The effect of the stream is as unconscious as it is certain.

Choose then a stream befitting the mood in

RIVERS

which you would be placed. There is no stroll more nearly ideal than that which combines the charm of the most favored upland road with the near proximity of some small brook which adds its voice to those of the other denizens of nature clamoring for attention.

A noisy stream is a companion which pleases as much as a noisy human companion disturbs. It joins you and chatters incessantly for a hundred yards, then rambles off by itself to explore a willow copse across the narrow valley from the highway. When it returns to the road, it may be with its waters turned turbid by the cattle fording its shallows, or it may bring a surface yellow dotted with a scattering of leaves, telling the swan song of the willows.

It broadens into shallows where its voice is silenced, or it narrows to a breadth to be crossed at a leap, and rushes through the miniature chasm with its best imitation of a roaring mountain torrent.

With all its profounder influences upon the emotions and with all its more forceful inspiration, walking by a big stream has not the attrac-

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tion that one finds by the little waters. The fascinations of the little river are as countless as the bubbles in its foaming caldrons, and the variety of its phases is beyond the withering power of time. No month of the twelve but brings its particular charm to evidence in some peculiar manner, and month in and month out, there exists in the walk on its bank an irresistible attraction.

The big rivers for the strenuous, but the little rivers for the Vagabond.

THE RIVER PATH

THERE'S a path beside the river,
Winding through the willow copse,
Where I love to walk in autumn
Ere the season's curtain drops.

On far hillsides beech and maple
Touched by early, nipping frost,
Have their brown and scarlet jackets
To the boisterous breezes tossed.

THE RIVER PATH

Still the willow leaves are clinging,
Latest foliage of fall,
Shading yet my river pathway
Underneath the osiers tall.

On the wimpling water's surface
Where the sallow sunlight glints,
Float the leaves from woodlands stolen
By the Wind, of thieves the prince.

All along the river edges
Verdure's turned to brown and gray,
Rustling through the drying sedges
Autumn's low voiced breezes play.

Nowhere sweeter walk or rarer
Than my path beside the stream.
There I love to walk in autumn,
There to loiter and to dream.

THE ROAD

THERE is the highway; you may love it or you may scoff at it, I know not your habit, but whatever you do, follow it day in and day out. Ride over it, drive over it or walk over it; best of all is the walking, for the true Vagabonds are the walkers.

The bicycle as a fad has passed into oblivion, poor overdone bicycle craze! How it kept thousands of riders scurrying across the country hither and yon just for the sake of piling up the miles on a cyclometer! But how it enabled, how it still enables those of us who love outdoors to bring the hitherto distant parts near to our homes! How it stimulated to added charm the old wayside inn where it is so enjoyable to halt for a lunch or supper and rest on its wide verandah in the broad content of the hour after the meal!

What a host of pleasures the bicycle renewed, rescued from boyhood or girlhood, pleasures which have not followed the fad into oblivion! The road itself exhibits a charm which it never before possessed for thousands who had ever been

THE ROAD

mere house-ridden servers of Father Time. If the bicycle redeemed them from their slavery to four walls and dejection, though some of them have gradually fallen back into that slavery, yet many could not give up their outdoors. If afraid of fashion's decrees, they now automobile, golf, drive or walk, but indoors can no more satisfy.

The road is still there with its fringe of maples, elms, fruit trees, hedge rows; of wild growing shrubbery or banks blossoming with an adorable variety, from the yellow-hearted bloodroot of earliest spring to the smoke-blue aster tufts of fall.

As a nation we are persistent health seekers. We study patiently countless long treatises upon the prevention or cure of disease. We were never so well posted upon the methods for excluding germs from our systems; and first and foremost among the germicides is outdoors, fresh air, with its attendant diversions of the mind.

There is the road. It lies brown and inviting before you, a clear cut way to health, leading down the perspective between borders of green, yellow and red; bird and bud and blossom: bob-

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o'links, warblers and orioles; daisies and buttercups; with the smell of the June-time or the breath of the harvest fields filling the air. Winter closes it not, but offers the bracing, invigorating, hyper-oxygenated air and white stretching vistas, or brown, breeze-blown hillsides to call you forth to follow the sparrow and the chickadee.

The road is there to be treated as your temperament dictates. Long may it find favor in your heart!

TRAIL SONG

HERE'S out on the open trail, my lass,
With a heart for rain or shine!
Here's out to race with wind in the face,
To roam or rove at the wilding pace
Where the weather thrills like wine!

We'll follow the wind of the way, my lass,
Where it chases a truant stream.
We'll loaf along with a vagrant song,
With the glow of life all thrilling strong
And the future a vibrant dream.

For what's a day or a year, my lass,
But time for finding joy?
We've naught to do, we crony two,
With the Ship of Worry's crafty crew.
We're free from all annoy.

Then here's a song, a song, my lass,
A song for the open trail!
We're off to seek the crimson streak
That's sunk behind West Mountain's peak,
And drink from freedom's grail.

THE LAND SAILOR

COME, fill my sails, you wastrel wind,
And waft me o'er the fields,
The golden fields, rich harvest lined
With all that red earth yields.

Come, blow me down the valley way
Between the crimson hills,
Where hardwoods make the landscape gay
And nature's glad heart thrills.

Blow, blow my craft where yellow leaves
Swirl vagrant through the air,
And blow me where the rustling sheaves
Dot fields of stubble bare.

For I would sail the autumn land
While glow its radiant hues.
With boat and breeze at my command,
All down its length I'll cruise.

TRAVELERS

TRAVELERS are of two classes, the real and the make believe. Usually the make believes have journeyed infinitely more miles than the real, but traveling is not a matter of distance.

I know a man who has spent every winter in Egypt for years, and all he remembers of the country is that a native guide robbed him on one occasion of a pair of gold sleeve links. He is a make believe. I know another man who has never been out of his own county, but he knows every nook and corner of every locality that he ever visited. He knows at how many and what places the Beaverkill stream is dammed, how many roads and paths lead over the hills lying between Fall Clove and Terry Clove. He has seen things in detail and in such as he we find the real travelers. It is the old story of eyes and no eyes.

Sometimes travel is for education, sometimes for enjoyment. Enjoyment is not dependent upon the number of miles traversed and neither

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is education; nor does either depend upon the country through which one journeys. All depends simply upon the way in which one takes environment and what the effect of new views and scenes may be upon the soul.

In taking a pleasure trip do you spend its days in impatient waitings for arrival at its turning points? Does the anxiety to get to some place eclipse the joy of the journey there? Then you are not a Vagabond and traveling is but the wearying means to an unsatisfying end, which as soon as it is reached becomes merely one of the stepping stones to some goal yet farther distant.

Do you travel for the journey? Do you set out on a pleasure trip with a sense of the keenest enjoyment of every minute of the way? Would you prefer a journey in an ox-cart to one on the vestibule limited in order that you might have a better opportunity to enjoy the world by the way? Then you are a real traveler, a true nature lover and a member of the Vagabond Club. Life holds more joy for you in the pleasures of travel, though your means be never so small, than the private car and steam yacht class can ever compass.

SONG FOR MARCH

To be a make-believe traveler is but a matter of dollars and cents. To be a real traveler is a matter of the heart's deepest desires and the imagination's capabilities, and those will go farthest whose love of gypsying carries their hearts farthest afield.

SONG FOR MARCH

SING ho! Sing ho, for the sleet and snow!
For the stormy March and the winds that
blow

From north and south, now high, now low,
Or chill or warm!

Oh, March is the month of months for me;
Its south winds set old winter free,
And tell of the spring time soon to be,
With all its charms.

Sing ho for March on the sea's bleak shore,
Where the bracing breezes evermore
Blow up from the ocean, bearing before
The salt sea spray!

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Sing ho for March among the hills;
Melting snows filling the ice-rimmed rills,
Streams rushing madly past meadows and mills
Day after day!

Sing ho for the roughest month of all,
When shrill o'er the tempest sounds the call
Of the crow from forest tree-top tall,
Telling of spring!
And ho for the waning winter days
When the lingering north wind's cold delays
April's coming and chills the sun's red rays!
Oh, March is king!

DECEMBER WALKING

YOU who have made a fleeting fad of some outdoor sport, have taken up for a time a form of recreation which has proved more beneficial than all the medicine the druggist ever compounded for your chronic ailments. The only trouble with such a fad was that it was nothing more, and while fads may do much good while they last, they are too short of life. A fad, though it may prove as stimulating as wine without the subsequent depression, is after all only a fad.

As the disciple of no ology, cult or creed except that of Vagabondia, I am not going to write technically of the proper motions to be made in walking in order to get the most appetite for the least number of miles. I simply feel inclined to tell those who wish to know, that there is much in December air that appeals strongly enough to draw some people out to walk in it day after day until they come up to Christmas with a feeling of exhilaration that makes it a pleasure to look forward to the remaining months of cold.

The kind of December walking that I like and

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that every walker by choice likes is not the shivering, shuddering, grumbling, be-mittened, ulstered and fur-buried shamble that takes one only so far as the cold can be kept out by main force and then rushes to the nearest radiator. It is not the nervous sprint that sets out to walk to a certain point and back and speeds along cringing at the bluff heartiness of the brisk air, hurrying to the fire as soon as possible with a great sigh of relief that the task is finished.

No one can gain any pleasure from such walking, and there is apt to be but little benefit from it.

December is not as cold as it is painted. As a rule there is no permanent snow in most of our land until about Christmas time. Oftentimes there are lingering days of the good St. Martin's summer as late as the opening of December, and Whittier himself gives us a picture like this, in "The Last Walk in Autumn":

"Along the river's summer walk
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the goldenrod;

DECEMBER WALKING

And on a ground of sombre fir
And azure studded juniper
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose."

With such a picture, one might expect to find early December filled with the haze of late autumn and perhaps even its erratic warmth and its subtle spirit of Vagabondia.

For most of us the ground will be frozen hard before December appears. The fields will be almost as hard as the highways and the walking will be good anywhere. No dust and no mud, the marshy spots covered and the little streams bordered with crystal, though still running clear and musical, their tones more silvery than ever in the summer days.

There is a sharp ring to the sound of the heels on the pavement as one starts out on a December afternoon. The air is good to breathe and makes a person involuntarily take those long, deep breaths that are the enemy of every sort of microbe that has been invented (for I believe that as many microbes are invented as are discovered).

Even just after midday the shadows are

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stretching far to the north and the sun seems ready to set behind the southern hills in spite of the tradition that it always disappears in the west. The shade trees on the avenues loom lace-like against the gray sky, shaking an occasional leaf in defiance of the king of cold. Along the northern side of the street where the shelter of the buildings keeps the wind away, one might promenade at leisure, coat unbuttoned, and think that the sunshine was that of a spring day. However, December is no time for loiterers, and loitering is no fit occupation for December.

Leave the paved streets and strike for the country lane leading off between fields where flocks of Christmas turkeys pick their stately way about amid the ruins of the summer verdure.

How near the hills are and how clear they stand up there against the sky, their wrinkled brows frowning down at the river as it glitters away toward the sun and disappears in a blaze of light. Not a hill now that can conceal the skeleton in its family closet. All is exposed to view, from the smallest rock to the highest ledge and the crookedest tree. There is a softness of color tone,

DECEMBER WALKING

particularly in the early twilight hours, that never shows on the summer hills. The inky blues and the marvelous grays and browns of barren December are as artistic as ever are the greens of other seasons. Theirs is a strength that is more than mere beauty.

One wanders across the orchard toward the hill pasture with an appreciation of the gnarled and knotted apple trees which largely enhances their value in the scheme of the landscape's beauty. Overhead there are plentiful birds' nests to remind one of the denizens of the summer orchard, and under foot there is a carpet the solid color of the dead grass, through which the field mice are gleaning after the last of the larger harvesters.

One detects a feeling of snow in the atmosphere and if the day be dull there is an involuntary reverting of the mind to "Snow Bound" and "The sun that brief December day rose cheerless over hills of gray." Even the person who dislikes snow might almost be reconciled to its discomforts for the sake of that beautiful poem.

In walking up the hill, what a picture the valley and the hills across make in the thin sunshine with

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the curling smoke arising from the farmhouse chimneys! What a stillness there is! A hound up there in the woods bays loudly in pursuit of a rabbit, or of Br'er Fox maybe. Voices come up out of the valley as one goes higher. Every distant sound adds to the stillness.

The roar of the water in the river as it flows over the dam fills the air as it never seems to do in summer. The sounds are like those in a big empty hall. Noises that would not be heard when it is full reverberate from side to side with amazing clearness when it is empty.

One feels so much more like walking in December. The air is so full of vigor and there is such an utter absence of the tired feeling that haunts the unambitious during the dog days. It is no effort to keep right on up the hill without halting to get breath. However keen the air, with the hands protected and perhaps the ears, and a thick jacket for facing the wind, none, unless it may be old age, need be fearful of Jack Frost.

There's a cow-path leads out through the grove where the feet stir up the leaf carpet and

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one may pause for a moment to speculate upon the fancy of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Cracked Teacup," who said that the trees were naught but great subterranean creatures with their tails waving in the air.

The December walker will find much to meditate upon and will be a more thoughtful person than the summer Rambler. One who thinks that there is a monotonous sameness to outdoor December will, upon closer investigation, discover the fallacy of such a notion.

This when the ground is bare; and when the snow comes!—

"A brightness which outshines the morning,
A splendor brooking no delay,
Beckons and tempts my feet away.

"I leave the trodden village highway
For virgin snow-paths glimmering through
A jewelled elm-tree avenue."

When the walk has gone far enough, if there is another way home, go that way. It ought to be the first rule in walking never to return by the same way one goes. If you have started out at a

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moderate pace you will feel fresh and energetic, and as you near home you will unconsciously increase your gait until you will come down the home stretch at a good smart clip, warm and glowing outside and in and rejoicing that you had the sense to go walking rather than spend the afternoon hugging the fire.

WINTER SONG

HERE'S out on the hilltop bold and bare
Where the bracing breezes blow!
There's a frosty edge on the wintry air,
Exhilaration keen and rare
That sets the heart aglow.

Over the crest the snow lies deep,
Over the brow of the hill.
Down below the forests sleep
Blanketed well on the sloping steep
'Neath a snow sheet white and chill.

WINTER SONG

A song, a song for the galloping gale

That sweeps the summit clear

And drives the mass of icy shale

Into the pines whose every wail

Fills timid souls with fear!

There's that in the winter's whistling wind

That stirs dead hearts to life,

And energy and health you'll find

In the breath of the breeze that's rough yet kind,

That's keen as the surgeon's knife.

THE WINTER CAMP

DEEP buried in the winter drifts
While wild the wind is wailing,
While through each chink the snow sand
sifts,
Stands the winter camp unquailing.

It shivers not with the icy blast
That raids the pines' dominion.
Its sturdy frame has strength to last,
Held firm by thole and pinion.

Without, the winter sets its teeth
And girds itself for revels.
Wild moans the gale the pines beneath,
Across the woodland levels.

Within, the wide-mouthed fireplace glares,
A hungry, hot-breathed dragon,
While storm bound hunters drown their cares
In draughts from brimming flagon.

THERE IS A PLACE

I KNOW a place toward which the footsteps of the Vagabond, having once turned, always return. It is not a wonderful place. The places that appeal to one along life's pathway are not the wonderful places. This is just a long slope of the bank from the road to the river, smooth in the main, with a few rocks jutting out here and there, while at the water's edge are a half dozen hemlocks, tall and straight, through which a pictured bit of the river gleams with a brightness sevenfold greater for the darkness of the evergreen frame. The stream makes a long, graceful, willow-hedged sweep down the valley, with the western hills showing in the background. In the opposite direction a green reaching vista ends in Mt. Utsayantha's cloud-capped summit, while directly across the river the perspective shows the sinuous valley of the Elk Creek.

In a general way that is all. You cannot see why the place is so especially attractive. If we were to go there together, I could not point out

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wherein lies its individual charm, though you would at once admit its presence.

There is a wonderful profusion of such spots throughout the world, though many of them must ever remain undiscovered. You doubtless know the exact location of many of them yourself; spots which impress themselves upon the mind at sight, though they lack much or all of the grandeur or glory of the show places which are visited and admired indiscriminately by the Make Believes who think themselves travelers because of having journeyed to far countries. That class would fail utterly in the effort to name a single one of such places as are known to those of the gypsy heart.

There is a little bridge over a stream near L'Assomption (some thirty-odd miles east of Montreal) where one would sit for hours and gaze at the spire in the village as it shows above the trees, with not a building in sight, while the black waters of the river rush along past the high reed-grown bank, and the bell of a native cart tinkles somewhere down the road.

There is a bit of shore near Marblehead where

THERE IS A PLACE

the ocean pulls one to its edge to loaf along the rocks for hours at a stretch with no definite consciousness of the particular charm that makes up the attraction of that individual place.

A little piece of the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Cumberland canal, at one of the points where it skirts the edge of the Potomac river, detains the Vagabond as does no other spot from Harper's Ferry to the sea.

Many are the little pictures of nature which surpass the magnificent ones even as the Bearcamp water excels in beauty the Mississippi. Beauty is a matter of quality, not quantity.

A review of such representative spots treasured up in the mind of another Vagabond would locate them in totally different places from my own. No one vicinity can claim a monopoly of the beauty spots upon the face of Mother Nature. They are scattered from Dan to Beersheba. Every Vagabond shall have his own, the mental visions of which, in the absence from those places, shall be caressed tenderly by the homesick heart as they carry the mind back to the hours spent in their enjoyment. The store of mental treasures laid

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up by the Vagabond is beyond comparison with the pile of fool's gold in the miser's strong-box.

Such treasures as those of the gypsy heart afford a pleasure in their mere possession that can never come to the miser with the glitter of his aureate hoard. Gold is but gold. Its value is counted in mere figures, while happy memories know neither unit nor limit of value.

REST YE HERE

IN the edge of Windham wood
Where the pine trees tower and taper,
Where their fragrance, clean and good,
Rises like a censer's vapor,

There's a place for vagrant souls
In the waning day to linger,
While the sun the shaggy boles
Touches with vermilion finger.

BY LOTUS LAKE

Listen! Hear the breezes croon,
Sighing to the pine trees, singing
Soft a mellow, rhythmic rune,
Peace to life's wayfarers bringing.

Outdoor rovers, journey's end
Lies within this piney cloister.
Here pray rest while shadows blend,
Let the gay world romp and roister!

BY LOTUS LAKE

BEHIND the slopes of Windham wood
The autumn sun sinks low;
Its disk of fire as red as blood
Flames up like blazing tow.

The hilltop's shadow steals across
The gleam of Lotus lake;
A deep, mysterious, mirrored gloss
The evening waters take.

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From smooth reflecting depths shines back
The sun's red ball of fire.
A golden path its dazzling track
To the home of dear desire.

The woodland's gay kaleidoscope
Of swiftly changing hue,
From crimson maples on the slope
To birchen retinue,

Betokens one more passing year
With all its golden chain
Of links of hope and links of fear,
Of links of joy or pain.

Come rain or shine, come foul or fair
O'er Windham's wooded way;
Come breeze caress, or wintry air
Lash Lotus lake to spray;
It's one to us, the dark or bright;
Year follows year, day turns to night,
Life passes, grave or gay.

THE SPIRIT

THE fellowship of outdoors brings together as motley an assortment of bedfellows as politics itself.

You who love nature, who glory in her beauties at times of the year when the uncalled think her moulting and unlovely; you know how often in your rambles you have come upon some uncouth son of the soil admiring just the beauties which you were congratulating yourself that you appreciated because of a superior and inner poetical intelligence which at first you would feel unwilling to share with the unaesthetic stranger.

Nature is lavish in her display of charms, and love for her grows by what it feeds upon. The appreciation which is the exception among strangers to her glory is more nearly the rule among those who are her constant associates.

It may be that the uncouth one is possessed of a soul as truly poetical, and he may be as genuine a Vagabond as you who at first assumed a pity for his ignorance. At all events the real Vaga-

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bond, when he recognizes in another the love of nature which imbues his own soul, will forthwith extend to him the right hand of good fellowship, regardless of any external appearances of unfitness.

The spirit of Vagabondia knows no class distinction. It locates in the hearts of the highest or the humblest. The spark of subtle sympathy which flashes through a thousand hearts when comes the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, is conducted by the latent spirit of Vagabondia which moves each heart to little or great emotion in proportion as it is slightly or fully dominated by that spirit.

ROAD SONG

SING ho, my lass, for the dusky road
That stretches sunset way!
Sing ho for the east-bound path of morn,
A writhing riband gray!

And ho, sing ho for the quivering track,
The highway hot of noon!
Each one's a path for a wanderer heart
To rove or late or soon.

We'll out and foot it down the days
Through weather fit for kings;
With ho for the open road, my lass,
And ho for the joy it brings!

THE SPIRIT

ACROSS the sea of daisies roll
Billows of white. From knoll to knoll
They surge above the meadow's shoal,

And break against the gray stone walls
Like ocean surf on its rocky thralls.
They shimmer where the sunlight falls

Like fields of deep December snow.
Each floweret tosses to and fro,
A dainty fraction of the show,

Or listening to the lover breeze
Whispering o'er the foamy leas,
Bows her head before his pleas.

Oh, billowing, dazzling daisy field,
'Tis but a reflection of life you yield
With surface fair and depths concealed.

THE TRAPPER

OF all the thousand and one delights that the boy brought up in the city cannot know, one of the chief is that of trapping the fur-bearing animals in the fall. What normal boy who grew up within reach of woods or waters where such animals were to be found ever failed to feel the desire to trap them in the months when their fur thickens for the coming of winter?

There are boys who never care for any of the outdoor things that other boys love. They grow up to be a matinee sort of men who condemn football as brutal and who frequent afternoon teas and clubs on the days when all the sporting world is on tiptoe as to the outcome of some big inter-collegiate battle.

Of such boys I would not tell in writing of trappers. Nor would I write of the boys who read dime novels and glow with a desire to be "Trapper Dick, the Human Catamount," or something equally bloodthirsty. I mean just the normal, every-day sort of lads who compose the

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great majority of the boy population in any small town or countryside.

When the streams attain their autumnal crystal clearness and the wooded hillsides shimmer red and yellow up and down the valleys with a golden fringe by the water-ways, then on a day the schoolboy bethinks himself of the traps in the attic and a need of spending money, and a course of subtle logic connects the two in his mind with the result that after school the same day the traps are brought out and made ready for use, and with a bunch of forked sticks he sets out along the bank of the stream to look for muskrat holes.

Along the muddy banks he pries and peers and wherever he finds a hole he pushes a stick into the bank through the ring in the end of the trap's chain, with the trap set well up into the hole under water. All the pleasure that anticipation can offer is in the work and as he goes along his mind is filled with plans for the expenditure of the money that he is as sure of possessing as was the milkmaid before she upset the bucket from her crown.

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A good deal of solid comfort goes with work of this sort for a boy. He finds nut trees with the prickly burrs split open by the frost and he fills his pockets from the ground for use in school the next day. Something to eat in school is the boy's delight, even if it is nothing more than beech-nuts or thorn-apples. He finds apple trees too by the riverside where the best fall pippins are waiting to be taken, and when the traps are all set and a bit of time yet remains before dusk, he lies flat on his back under a big willow and munches and munches while he meditates on the things that fill a boyish mind—things that are deeper than much that occupies the maturer intellect.

The following morning finds the youngster an early visitor at the river. Trap after trap is visited with never a sign of a catch, unless one that is simply sprung is a sign, until in the last one a foot is found which the luckless muskrat has gnawed off to set himself free.

That one foot is enough to buoy up the hope of the young trapper for another day, and after school that night each trap is again visited to

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make sure that everything is all right. The second morning two muskrats are the reward of diligence, and the boy is half an hour late to school, and smells most woefully as a result of his work.

All day long through the droning of lessons he is planning his trapping campaign, and by time for afternoon dismissal has evolved an idea which he intends to carry out at once.

There must be a shanty for headquarters and it must be built in a secluded spot, as wild as possible. As soon as school is out he gets to work. The hut must be arranged for keeping the pelts, with a fireplace to keep a fellow warm on frosty mornings when there is much work to be done and mother objects to the bold trapper's presence near the kitchen stove.

A heavily willowed spot by a bend in the river makes a favorable site and there the boy begins the erection of a shanty of odd boards and timbers purloined from no one knows where. A boy who has to grow up without knowing the fun of a shanty will never know half that makes youth happy. To be the proud owner of a shanty is more than to own a donkey cart and patronize

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the other boys, or in later years to own a touring car when no other business man on the block can afford one.

Inside the shanty with its stove-pipe chimney, its four feet of height and its dirt floor are hung the skins as they are obtained, and here the boy hides various treasured trophies which are not safe from a marauding mother at home. Here too the other boys who enjoy his friendship are allowed to gather on Saturdays and steep in the smudge of the fire and smoke corn silk and sweet fern cigarettes.

After a week trapping gets to be a business that is not all pleasure, and it is then that the boy shows in a measure the stuff that he is made of. He either gives up the game and calls it square, with the shanty to play in, or he gets down to trapping in earnest, shifting his traps around, up and down the stream day by day, until the weather gets so cold that the river freezes and he has to give up for the year.

When the season ends he has at all events the benefit of a gained knowledge of outdoors and outdoor things, from the probabilities of the

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weather to the habits of the semi-amphibious animals whose fur he covets.

In all likelihood he will get about fifty cents' worth of furs, for the hide of the muskrat is far from being a valuable article of commerce. If an occasional mink gets into the traps, the results will improve vastly, and if the boy goes up on the hills and tries successfully for foxes (as he is not likely to do) he will make quite a neat sum for holiday spending.

Often the trapping venture is a partnership affair of two or even three lads, in which case there is apt to be trouble. One owns the boat and the other the traps, with the result that the boy with the boat will claim that he is contributing a share of greater value than the traps, which will at first entitle him to skin the rats and later, by the same application of principle, will exempt him from that task.

In any case quarrels are inevitable and may result in a dissolution of partnership or in a clearing of the atmosphere by a scrap, which is as a rule, the quickest and surest way of bringing about an understanding. If partnership squab-

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bles among older men could be settled as simply, most of the business of the legal fraternity would be wiped out.

Trapping does a boy no end of good. It would do anybody good. It gets one nearer to nature and that is what people need, though they are better acquainted with the woods and fields now than for many decades past. The boy who takes to trapping and hunting and fishing naturally is made up on the right formula, but the boy who dislikes the outdoors will never be in touch with the great things of life, for he is not in touch with the greatest.

WHEN AUTUMN CALLS

SOFT southern breezes blowing by,
Low rustling through the corn;
Pipes cicada loud and high
Upon his tiny horn.

The bluish asters line the way,
A long, thin, smoky cloud,
While o'er the wall, a mantle gray,
Spreads virgin's bower its shroud.

With colors flecked, the hills of fall
Invite the vagabond
To roam where forests tower tall,
Or by the willowed pond.

Cast off the cloak of carking care,
Fling wide your worries too.
Out, gypsy heart, abroad to fare
E'er autumn days are through!

AN ABDICATION

INDIAN wigwams in the corn-lands,
 Rows and rows of ragged shocks;
 Fields all polka-dotted yellow
 With the pumpkins' golden blocks:

Pastures brown with greening ribbons
 Where the springs come straggling down,
Meadows fading, gray the woodlands,
 Summer throws aside her crown;

Casts aside her royal purple,
 Folds her robes all somber grown;
Silent, shadow-like and weary,
 Abdicates a tottering throne.

GYPSYING

THERE is the theory of the countless joys of gypsying as it is considered in the abstract by people who would never think of sleeping under the stars, and there is the practice which is enjoyable only to those who have the roving spirit, the outdoor love that will not down.

Any one can sit in the sun of an early October afternoon when outdoors is at its best and say "What would I not give to be a gypsy these days, with no responsibility save to roam where nature seemed most beautiful!" Not every one though would really desire to be a vagabond, with a trust to luck and Providence for food and bed to come at the right time.

In the autumn days when the sham Vagabond *talks* of gypsying and its manifest charms, the true gypsy hearted one is on the road. Nothing but the direst necessity will keep the heart Vagabond from the road when September comes.

Do you remember the little verse,

"Under the tree
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

GYPSYING

Does such a fragment appeal to you? Does it stay with you for days and return to your mind with persistent frequency, drawing you away from the conventional toward the freedom of individual creed and doctrine, toward the great wide outdoor world with its welcome for all? Does the quotation cause to arise in your mind's eye a vivid picture of the edge of an early autumn wood, with a bright fire burning briskly under the darkest tree, and in your heart a desire to be part of the picture?

Such things perhaps do not appeal with the same force to all gypsy hearts, but what pleases one rarely fails to win a portion of the love of all the brethren of the fraternity of the open air. Exceptions are few to the rules that would be laid down to define the desires of the Vagabond. All normal mankind loves nature outdoors—autumn foliage, hills and rivers, woodland and meadow. Most people love these things in a general, abstract way. The gypsy heart loves winter outdoors well; spring it hails with a poet's joy; summer is a season of luxurious idling, and the autumn is welcomed with a very lover's ardor.

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Then the foot will not be still; it must out and down the brown highway to the tune of the mellow breezes in the trees as certainly as the dancer's foot must beat time to the music's rhythm.

When the early twilights fall, with their myriad beauties of rose-streaked sunsets and hill-sides of gold and crimson and purple; when the evening comes with a softness of horizon outlines that the other seasons miss, how can one endure four walls? Outdoors is home; indoors a prison.

But after all no one can be told of these things and made a Vagabond by any secret rites or occult process. The gypsying joy is instinctive and comes like the poet's inspiration or the artist's temperament. You are a gypsy heart or you are one of the larger proportion who laugh at such enthusiasts. You are as you are. If you cannot understand, be content with the things that Providence meant should content you.

GYPSY INVITATION

AWAY with your wealth, it fetters the heart,
Come live from hand to mouth!
Come live with our band, our vagabond
clan
And roam the north and south!

There's never a wind or never a stream
With sunshine bright aglare,
There's never a hill and never a vale
But ours their beauty rare.

We're here for a night and gone in a day,
There's naught that can restrain.
Our journey lies to ends o' the earth.
Life's cares are our disdain.

We're gypsies and rovers; home is the world,
We're free to come or to go.
Here's for the life of the open road
And the wandering to and fro!

THE ROVER HEART

O VER the hills and far away
The wind of the west is winging;
Out where the summer greens grow gray
Songs of the fall are singing.

Raucus the call of the craven crow
Across the fields of stubble;
Silver the siren notes that flow
Where autumn brooklets bubble.

Plaintive and shrill, the noontide heat
Is pierced with locust's treble,
And lakeside waves with lilting beat
Roll up o'er sand and pebble.

The mellow, golden harvest time,
With glowing, blowing weather,
Is turning hearts to raptured rhyme
While wandering together.

Then out, my soul, just you and I,
We're crony two for roaming!
Ecstatic joys will hover by
Through gleaming and through gloaming.

FELLOWSHIP

LONELINESS is good. The society of self, if self be the right sort of a soul, is good. The fellowship of kindred souls is better. Loneliness is desirable only in comparatively small quantities, but fellowship of congenial spirits knows no limit of desirability.

Fellowship for the Vagabond must be fellowship of the Vagabond. Two to share the outdoors makes the share of neither a whit the less but rather more.

The perfection of congenial spirit is found, not where two lifelong companions of mutual regard and identical tastes join hands for the trail, but where man finds in the heart of woman all that he found in the heart of that boon companion, and the love of woman beside.

When the nature lover, the outdoor worshipper, finds one who will share his every emotion and feel with him the great force of nature's attraction drawing him out to wander down the days of beauty through the autumn's shining and blowing, then will come life's perfection.

THE VAGABONDS

JUST we two across the world,
Phyllis, you and I,
Straying wide from ocean side
To hills that kiss the sky;

Wandering far as vagabonds,
From sea to singing sea,
Hand in hand adown the land
Roving glad and free.

Phyllis, yours the golden heart,
Yours the nature wild;
Of the over-blue a daughter true,
Rare heart, fair heart child.

Phyllis mine, the beautiful,
Ours the world to roam.
Where the night puts day to flight,
There we make our home.

Gypsy vagrants, best we love
Roving like the wind.
No certain aim we ever claim
But wander unconfined.

THE ART OF LOAFING

Astart at morn's first dancing ray,
We strike the dew-damp pike,
Swing along with laugh and song
And choose the way we like.

There's peaceful rest at any time
When weary with the way
And your loving touch that means so much
To keep me blithe and gay.

Just we two, O Phyllis mine,
And no one else beside.
For us all strife fades out of life;
The world is wander-wide.

THE ART OF LOAFING

LOAFING is an art which properly applied means an economy of time and a wise prodigality of happiness.

To many the term is merely a synonym for laziness and inanition, but loafing as an art is not a simple withholding of exertion, allowing

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time to spend its force in a fruitless, unharnessed onrush; it is idleness with an object.

Idleness is the suspension of effort; vagrancy is being conspicuously idle by effort, but the fine art of loafing is the blissful relaxation of muscle and mind under the benign influence of the drifting sense. This sense, to those possessing it, is instinctive and intuitive—a sixth sense, rare and precious, to be treasured by its possessors.

Simple idleness is but a waiting for an inclination. When the inclination comes it is welcomed, for waiting was ever a wearisome task. If the inclination be evil the chances for its adoption are the greater, for when was an evil inclination ever met and combated by a more attractive good inclination? Aimless idleness gone wrong is crime if penniless, is indiscretion if moneyed.

Diogenes was not the first loafer in history, but he was one of the best. There is a bare possibility of his having overplayed the part, but no one has ever done better. "Get out of my sunlight" was all he asked of any man.

Every successful loafer must be a philosopher, but not every philosopher can be a loafer. Then

THE ART OF LOAFING

too, perpetual loafing will be its own murderer. If Diogenes failed it was on this account. When his philosophy was overworked it failed him and made him in his latter days merely a harmless crank.

A man need not be rich to loaf; in fact a rich man is rarely successful or accomplished in the art. Neither need a man be a pauper. Paradoxical as it may seem, the artistic loafer may be genuinely ambitious and energetic. It is all a matter of that sixth sense. He must be a Vagabond at heart, and that keeps no man from work.

Loafing is the conservator of energy, most valuable and at the same time most agreeable. A New York business man, known to his associates as one of the keenest and most alert, leaves his office at three o'clock on a bright afternoon, takes the Cortlandt street ferry and gets out on the forward deck next the rail. As the green water sparkles at his feet, cares slip from his mind. He rests, and the harbor picture of rush and activity is but a background for the intimate details of the clear-cut mental vision which occupies his attention.

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If a bootblack cries "Shine, sir?" he hears him not; if the other passengers jostle him, he knows it not. Instead he hears the rippling song of a brook under overhanging willows and birches with cat-birds in the branches; instead he feels a thrill along the rod with which he is whipping a mountain strip for speckled trout. Or it may be a very different dream, but a dream it is and a pleasant dream.

"Ah," you say, "so the loafer is but a dreamer. Your 'Art of Loafing' is but castle building?" Well, if you will have it so, the loafer is a dreamer; but what dreams!

They are not the dreams of power, ambition, wealth, glory; in short, not dreams of the future, but of the past, the happy past with its trials and troubles omitted. With the mind at rest, a fair dream of past happiness effects the conservation of energy by producing the highest type of rest—except sleep.

The worker who would also be a loafer must make every moment count. He condenses his work; he wastes not his spare moments for they are the oases in each desert of labor. He values

THE ART OF LOAFING

life and knows accordingly the value of time, the stuff of which life is made. He works better and with a clearer mind for his rest oases, each of which is in result but as a settling back and getting a fresh grip on his work.

It is not custom that prevents woman from being a good loafer. Eve had no customs to follow and yet it was she and not Adam who found the long, quiet happiness too fretful, too tiresome. Adam did not yield to Satan, but Eve followed the first evil inclination.

Adam yielded to Eve? Of course; the man does not, nor ever did live in whom the dreaming instinct could not be killed by his wife if she had nothing to do but devote herself to tempting him—and preferred him with the romantic part of his nature dead.

If you are a Vagabond and a dreamer, you know that you are misunderstood by your flint-headed, ultra - practical, keep-your-nose-to-the-grindstone friends who believe that rest is waste and that time exists only for work; but be independent in your determination to get out of life all the delicious joy of a proper Vagabondage.

THE HAZY DAYS

WHEN the leaves are pointing upward
Blown by wind from out the south,
And the haze upon the hilltops
Hints of coming days of drouth ;

Then, oh heart, we'll roam the highways
Where the long, brown shadows lie ;
Follow through the mapled byway
By the fields of waving rye.

Who could e'er be low in spirit
With the golden days at hand ?
Lightfoot, in a shoe that's easy,
Joys to roam the hafvest land.

Soul of gypsy, soul of rover,
Soul of free heart vagabond
Thrills to feel the red horizon
Calling to the great beyond.

MY DREAM

NO soul but dreams a perfect joy;
 'Tis love or lurid gold,
 Or freedom from the world's annoy
 To roam earth's byways old.

Whate'er another soul may dream,
 Mine be the vagrant path
That winds beside the forest stream
 All strewn with aftermath

Of ripened leaves and frost-split burrs;
 My joy's in wandering there
While partridge drums and pheasant whirrs,
While nature rustles when there stirs
 The Indian summer air.

NIGHT

WHY are we afraid in the dark? We know plenty of people who claim that, light or dark, it is all the same to them so far as any fear is concerned. There are those of whom that is doubtless true, but most of us, when we get at the actual truth of the matter as we know it in our hearts, admit that we do not feel just the same to walk into that old, deserted mill in the dark of midnight as we do to go there on a sunshiny afternoon.

It is sad that we are so constituted as to feel that nervousness which oftentimes means apprehension, fear or even terror. Doubtless many of us of the Vagabond spirit feel more at home in the night than others less willing to place their trust in Mother Nature. We have been drawn so strongly to try what our favorite walks might be like by the light of the moon, or the stars alone, that we have braved the plunge into the Stygian stream, to find that after the shivers of apprehension ceased, the reality failed to exhibit the terrors at which we had shuddered in anticipation.

How different nature is under the stars! Gone

NIGHT

are her gorgeous earthly pageants, even the spectacular autumn display of raiment quieting down to a shade no less dusk than that of the black pine woods. The river shows only the reflected glimmer of the stars and sings along on its way, unaccompanied save by the obligato of the wind ebbing and flowing through the willows. The imagination acquires full reign and peoples the darkness with a myriad impossible creatures to be slain only by the sword of matter-of-factness.

Not all of the most practical, common-sense minds can master the distrust of darkness, but when one does reach a point where night is as free from terror as midday itself, there are many of the rarest pleasures to lead the believer forth "when honest folk are abed." The music of the creatures of the night, from the katydid in the vines by the window to the hoot-owl in the pine woods, is full of charm, and with a congenial companion the favorite walk, taken in the darkness, becomes a real experience—a memory to be treasured up for the days when the almond tree shall flourish and the grasshopper shall be a burden.

SOUTH WIND BLOW

BLOW up, blow up, thou bold South Wind,
Blow up from down the bay.

Come sprinkle green and blushing bloom
Where buried winter lies in tomb,
Weave perfumed wreaths for May.

Sift through the air the salt sea spray
That spurs and stimulates
The soul to wander far afield
Where summer soon will sceptre wield,
Where Joy for Soul awaits.

Thy voice we welcome from afar;
Soon comes delight anear.
The blowing of thy balmy breath
The land will resurrect from death;
Now opens nature's year.

Then come, blow on, thou bold South Wind,
Thou herald of the spring.
With all thy song of spuming sea
Full glad we'll ever welcome thee.
Of thee we'll sing and sing.

SHOW PLACES

BY show places I mean such places as the railroads describe in their allurements, pamphlets and summer boarding prospectuses. They are the points where some wonder-inspiring natural spectacle is on exhibition; where a magnificent display of past or present natural force is expected to awe one into silent admiration, or where some beautiful vista or wide-spreading panorama unfolds itself before the eyes.

Such spots have all the effect that could be expected upon the true nature lovers who stand apart from the mob and view the falls of Niagara or the wonders of the Yellowstone in a spirit that fills their mind with thoughts as worthy of utterance as any of those of a Bryant or an Emerson, had they the language in which to utter them for the world.

Of course the presence of a crowd of mere sight-seers detracts from the glory of any view spot. They know no respect for the beautiful or the sublime. They rush around in broods, chas-

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ing each new spectacle that comes into sight as a bunch of feathering chicks chase a bug, and with about the same interest, namely, to get it, devour it and be ready for the next.

There ought to be days set apart when the elect might have the glorious beauty spots of the world to themselves.

How may one hope to enjoy such a view as that from Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, by moonlight, with a crowd of giggling, gabbling, love-making world-worshippers prancing up and down the boards at his back? Though in the instance of other show places it might not be possible to do the same, here one may wait for midnight and the departure of the promenaders. Then stand by the high guard rail and look out upon such a picture as is worth journeying to see.

Above the further end of the Terrace towers the citadel, the military guardian of the St. Lawrence. From beyond that, down past the point where Wolfe's army scaled the heights, comes the river, winding its sinuous length, past Levis with its cathedral spire—a graceful outline against the low, eastern moonlit sky, past Quebec's docks

SHOW PLACES

and wharves, past the Isle d'Orleans (once Isle of Bacchus) and the Montmorency river and falls, past far Ste. Anne, disappearing finally in the blue of the distant, haze-enveloped Laurentian mountains of the north. Darkness rules the river channel below you with lights twinkling across from Levis' bluffs; the street lights glow in old Lower Quebec at your feet; the red and green signal lights on the ferry boats dart across the river; some sailors strike up a song on a man-o'-war in the stream, and from Little Champlain street at the foot of the cliff floats up the music of girls' voices in an old love song. The slap, slap, of the water on the piers and ship sides, the creak of the cordage, the rattle of oars; all these are sounds that add to the witchery of the situation.

The orchestra in the Chateau back of the Terrace breaks into the "Home, Sweet Home" waltz and the moon rises from behind a long, straight bank of clouds. It is a scene like that of some play, and one almost expects to see it dissolve.

What a host of such glorious places there are in the world! How one regrets the brevity of a

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life which keeps those who enjoy them most from enjoying a fair proportion of them! Such a regret is like that which one feels in the realization that our lives are too short to allow us to follow to any conclusion the workings of the destinies of nations.

QUEBEC

OH belated, super-sated
Ones who're feeling overweight
With the city's heat and care,
Get away from all the hustle
Of the summer's dusty bustle,
Seek the luring Northland's lair.

Leave your mumming city strumming,
With the torrid dog-days coming,
Leave the worry and the wear.
Try the calm of cool vacation,
Rest your soul from toil's vexation.
Get a whiff of God's pure air.

QUEBEC

Pack your chattels; drop your battles;
Leave the street where traffic rattles;

Let the roar of commerce blare!
There's a time in summer weather
When it's wise to slip the tether
And forsake the garish glare.

There's a river all aquiver
With the kiss the breezes give her
As they touch her surface fair.
She's the queen of northern waters,
She's the belle of Neptune's daughters,
Gay St. Lawrence, regal, rare.

There's a veering cliff uprearing
Haughty head above the gearing
Of a masted harbor where
Stands Quebec, the queenly, royal;
Stands Quebec the ever loyal,
Native born, with foreign air.

Rough and jagged, rugged, ragged,
Looms the promontory cragged;
Looms the fortress high and bare.
From its battlemented coping
Downward to the eastward sloping,
Bright the glinting house-roofs glare.

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City bolder, quainter, older
Than are some whose ruins moulder,
Hers a charm to cancel care.
Wander down her narrow alleys,
From her Terrace view the valleys
Of the rivers meeting there;

Learn the histories, trace the mysteries
Of chapels, convents and consistories;
Each old building has its share.
Nowhere brims Dame Fortune's beaker
Fuller for the treasure seeker,
Seeker after legends rare.

As you wander you'll grow fonder
Of the great Northland up yonder.
Once you've seen its face so fair,
Whether it through tears was smiling
Or shone bright 'neath skies beguiling,
Ever will it beckon there.

HOSPITALITY

HOSPITALITY is the welcome that makes you feel that they want you there. Old-fashioned hospitality usually ceases with the advent of the second servant. Two servants nowadays seem to stiffen hospitality, though one is a very material aid if of the right sort.

It is true that if the hostess herself is the servant, housekeeper and cook, you feel that she must really desire your presence or she would never take so much trouble for you; but it is also true that hospitality with no servant takes the edge off the pleasure—for the hostess.

I do not mean that hospitality ceases *because* there are two servants. It is just that the getting out into the kitchen and becoming imbued with the excitement incidental to the preparation for the guest helps vastly to fill the hostess with the spirit of hospitality. Its perfection from the guest's point of view, its most real and sincere form, is found when you drop in, unexpected, upon people whom you know not at all or but slightly, people whom you come upon at just the point along the road where hunger seems to have reached an insupportable degree.

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When you call at a farm house door and say "Could I buy a little lunch here—bread and milk, or something?" and are taken into the kitchen and put in front of a big bowl of Jersey milk, while a whole loaf of the best white bread you ever tasted is placed before you, flanked by a saucer of berries and sugar and cream, and a generous bar of gingerbread; then you know that you have come upon hospitality in its unadorned and unadulterated state.

You eat, and as you do so you talk to the housewife and the little girl who comes in with "Shep," the pup, telling them who you are, whence and whither, and are told in turn of the farm affairs, the family, the produce, and the tricks of "Shep," and you are met with injured looks when you offer to pay ere saying your good-bye.

Such hospitality is not a rarely encountered, Utopian condition; it is the rule with our farmer folk and you can readily prove the proposition. In fact if you are inclined by nature or by circumstance to be cynical, pessimistic, morbid, doubting the sincerity of human nature and the

HOSPITALITY

genuineness of its protestations, nothing could be better calculated to renew in your mind a right-heartedness and fill you with a sense of the real value of man to man than to be placed where dependent temporarily upon true hospitality.

We rub against the contrary natures and the selfish ambitions of the business side of people in the every-man-for-himself rush after the dollars until we form crooked and distorted ideas of nearly every one we know. Chance throws us upon the hospitality of some such and we find them to be, in their homes, genial, congenial, cordial, interesting and the reverse of all that we had thought them.

Hospitality is the salvation of the social side of man's nature, the part which our swift-moving and selfish commercialism is all too much inclined to throw into the background.

THE INN OF THE GOLDEN DREAM

HERE'S to the Inn of the Golden Dream
Far out on the king's highway!
Here's to the peace that reigns supreme
Through all its idle day!

With a shady, vine-twined portico
Alluring from the heat,
A place where vagrant breezes blow
Through honeysuckles sweet,

There's ever a dreamy atmosphere
Free from carking care;
And ever a boon companion near
That joy and cheer to share.

There's talk that touches deep the heart,
There's silence saying more;
There's wine and song, and e'er we part
There's a toasting o'er and o'er.

Oh, it's good to halt where a brimming drink
Awaits your fancy's call;
So tune your soul to the silvery clink
Of the ice in the glasses tall.

THE COVERED BRIDGE

Forget the world and its toiling scheme,
Let worries fade away.
Here's to the Inn of the Golden Dream
Far out on the king's highway!

THE COVERED BRIDGE

DID you live near an old red-covered bridge
when you were a boy?

The man who did not have the advantages of a covered bridge education will miss from life some of the things that would have added very materially to its perfection. A boy with neither a barn nor a covered bridge is indeed unfortunate.

All summer the covered bridge is the ideal rainy day resort. Through the openings in the floor, where here and there a plank is too short, fishing is the easiest of sports. Overhead there are beams to walk and all shades of daring are given their respective opportunities. Swallows and robins nest under the eaves, offering a per-

THE VAGABOND BOOK

petual temptation; circus posters emblazon the available spots and countless patent medicine advertisements are waiting to be torn down. "Prisoner's base" and "pull-away" are always the best games, and some local "Mealys" and "Plupys" are ever ready to run match races or to see who can make ten laps around the outer edge in the least time.

What a place it is to play all sorts of boys' games! A great opportunity awaits some Dan Beard who will write a good "Boy's Book of Covered Bridge Sports."

In winter the bridge serves the same purposes, though to a less extent; and then, joy of joys! boys who are thrifty and boys who are shiftless can resort thither with snow shovels to make a snow path through the bridge, and to extort blackmail from the teamsters who find sleighing better over snow than over a bare floor.

The covered bridge is a directory of all the past and present boys of the neighborhood whose handiwork is there shown in the "jack-knife's carved initial." A visit to the old covered bridge of boyhood is like returning in after days to the

BONFIRE DAYS

little red schoolhouse, "the ragged beggar sunning." Either is prolific of reminiscence, satisfaction, regret, as the mood is. These reminiscent times are the times which bring to the surface all that is best in a man, and human nature would soften much its aspects if the best part could show at the surface oftener.

BONFIRE DAYS

A HAZE above the village rides;
The late October hills are blue
With smoke. In wind-blown, rolling
tides

The bonfire's fumes go surging through
The leaf-strewn streets of fall.
The garden shows a funeral pyre,
A heap of charred and blackened vines,
Now blazing clear with flickering fire,
Now hid by shifting, smoke-built shrines
With toppling turrets tall.

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The shade trees on the avenues
Have ceased their masquerade and thrown
To winds their gaudy garb, and crews
Of boisterous children those far-strewn
Remnants of mantles gay
In armfuls heap in a blazing pile.
The pungent incense fills the air
And flames leap high and ruddy while
Their weird, uncertain, fitful glare
Turns red the twilight gray.

THE MARCHING SOULS

DARK, dark, dark,
The night on the lowland lea;
Chill, chill, chill,
The damp of the sombre sea,
And grisly grim by the brackish brine
Walk ghastly spectres, an endless line
Of victims of Neptune's wrath.

Roll, roll, roll,
The bones on their salty bed.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Pale spirits of the dead;
And ever on and on they go,
No peace may any spirit know
Whose bones are not at rest.

Red, red, red,
The fires of Hell may glow;
White, white, white,
The lights of heaven show,
But the souls of those whose bones roll
Over and over and know no goal,
Must march and march for aye.

A PARTICULAR WALK

EVERY lover of walking has a favorite walk. It may be up and over the hill back of the village and home by the toll-gate—a little long that walk for any but favorable occasions—or it may be around by the spring-run and across the river flat by the path that follows the stonewall.

There is one particular walk which would become your favorite if you were to go that way but a single time. It leads out of the village past the fair grounds, following the river road for a mile and a half to the Falls Mills, where it doubles back after a climb up through the gorge by the falls.

Needless to say, the best time for this walk, as for many others, though beautiful the year 'round, is in October. Choose a late afternoon and loaf along at a comfortable gait until you reach the cider mill, just where you can see the lower falls from the highway. After a cupful of new cider, go up the hill to the watering trough and turn to the left for the short stony road that

A PARTICULAR WALK

leads up through the rocks of the glen, high above the waters of Honest Brook.

At a point half way up, where the way enters the woods, climb the stonewall and sit and watch the shadow of sunset creep up the opposite hill, far across the valley, darkening the flush of crimson that mantles the hardwood slope, and tipping the highest pyramidal peak with a rosy hue just before the twilight falls.

This resting place is one of those that keep a man too long in revery unless he brings himself back to earth very frequently, and if you linger you will find it too dark through the rocks to distinguish the clean cut Roman profile of the Guardian of the Gorge; so keep on your journey before the dusk hides the minute beauties of the slow turning leaves near the stream.

The turn at the top of the hill leads back to the village over the Meredith road, partly through woods and by a long down grade, with Round Top and Mt. McGregor still clear against the evening sky.

That walk is susceptible of many variations (as all favorite walks are) by which one may

THE VAGABOND BOOK

travel one or both ways across fields instead of by road, and every change of direction brings a different vista before the eyes, while a reversal of the route alters it completely.

Every Vagabond has such a favorite tramp—dearer to him than cards to the born gambler. Every trip brings some new beauty into view and there are certain hills whose sky-lines from a particular point become as dear to the memory as the face of a friend.

The favorite walk has its antithesis in the altogether unfamiliar one. There is something utterly fascinating in the tramp through new country where the outlook from the next turn in the road is known only when it opens before the eyes. To the real gypsy heart, the love of the new, the desire for fresh sights and unknown paths perhaps surpasses the passion for the old favorites. To all there is an undeniable charm in the unwinding of the new route. It may be that it is the young heart that beats more strongly for the possible adventures of the untried way, while the one well on in years turns with greatest joy to the old familiar paths. Be that as it may,

THE HILL ROAD

whether the old or the new charm more powerfully, there will always be one walk that is the favorite.

People who do not walk at all, people who look indoors for their chief pleasures, though they appreciate not the fact, are missing the best part of life—the part that Providence meant should be placed next to companionship itself.

THE HILL ROAD

THOUGH beautiful the valley roads
That wind along the river,
Where vine-grown walls and hedges
green

In glowing sunlight quiver;

Though picturesque the woodland ways,
Cool byways all deserted,
Where fresh with fragrant brake and fern
The darksome trail is skirted;

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Though fair and fine all other paths,
One road there is that's calling
Far louder than those quiet ways
Where peace and calm are falling.

The hilltop road that meets the sky
And leads us boldly faring
Against the very roof of things
Is breeding deeds of daring.

Oh roam you roads that suit your will,
My wander loving rover,
But when you'd know the life that's real,
Just tramp the hill road over.

HAVING FUN

I CARE not who you are or what your station in life, if you would have the best fun in the world, take a basket filled with simple lunch, not forgetting by any chance to include some potatoes and green corn if obtainable; get a congenial companion and go a mile or so out of town into the woods.

Build you there a fire within a little semi-circle of stones and spread your picnic lunch close at hand on the windward side of the blaze. Wrap the potatoes in many thicknesses of wet newspaper and put them among the coals to bake. Roast the corn as you want it, on a sharp stick; but anyone knows how to roast corn, and to fix an outdoor lunch too, for that matter.

If it be a fall day, just cool enough to make the warmth of the fire grateful, so much the better. Talk while the potatoes roast. Talk of outdoors; get into the spirit of the woods; let twilight come as you eat; let it get dark; who cares! There will be a moon and if you can stay and safely keep up your fire until the darkness of twi-

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light time gives place to the filtered woodland moonlight, you will find the experience something well worth repeating.

The camper who has really lived in the woods day in and day out, needs no one to tell him of the charm of the campfire at night. I speak of it and call it alluring, inspiring, fascinating, confidence begetting, that the inexperienced may be impelled to enter the charmed circle of its spell. Let me advise that you join the cult of the fire-worshippers and get more of the pleasure of life than was ever yours before.

MISTRESS WILLOW

DOWN along the pasture brook
The bending willow trees
Sweep and sway, and turn and look
As brushes past the breeze,

To see if any overheard
Perchance, without intent,
The tender, loving, whispered word
The Wind spoke as it went.

Know you what the South Wind sighed
In Mistress Willow's ear;
He who's sought her for his bride
From year to golden year?

Know you what the answer was?
A faintly murmured "yes";
Or asked she for delay because
Of undue suddenness?

Down along the pasture brook
Where the South Wind went,
Mistress Willow turns to look,
Blushing shy consent.

OUT IN THE WIND

NATURE on a still day falls far short of attracting the Vagabond as it does on the breezy days. In a calm there is no such call to the rover as comes with a good forty-knot breeze when all nature is trembling with life. It is worth a king's ransom, the joy of walking down the road through the pasture land when the wind comes rushing up from the south, filling the air with fresh falling leaves—every tree on the hillside looking like a bag of confetti emptied to the breeze.

There comes with the wind an emphasis to that nameless something that makes us gypsy if we feel it. If we feel it not, then the wind is disagreeable, rough, unpleasant, any of the things that it gets called by the prim, precise person out for a stroll with clothes fixed just so.

Did you ever see anything more delightful than the leaf shower from the maples down lover's lane, when in the bright sunshiny morning after a snappy frost, a quick breeze springs up and carries before it every loosened leaf of red and gold?

OUT IN THE WIND

Did you ever see a field of grain as beautiful at rest as it appears when wave after wave sweeps over it in golden, uncrested billows?

Did the silent times of nature ever lull you into the land of memory as has the song of the pines while letting the south wind sift through their slender fingers?

Did the calm of a glassy sea ever appeal to you like the rush of the surf on a causeway of black rocks?

As much of the irresistible call of autumn to the heart is due to the breezes as to the brightness of nature's garb. There is a constant singing in the ears of the rover; not the singing of birds or summer insects, but a song like the rustling of dead leaves or the murmuring of the evergreens; just as the shell, once of the ocean, ever after sings the ocean's song.

In nature song comes with the wind, the gypsy heart follows the song, while simple indolence bides in the calm.

THE FOUR WINDS

WITH a whoop and shriek of ghoulish
glee

I swirl through branches stark.

I am the North wind. The life of me

Is bluff and bluster; far and free

I carry my lusty lark.

From out the dawn with breath all chill

I glide, a spirit dank.

Behind, the sea turn's salty frill

O'erspreads with fog the valley and hill,

The East wind's ghostly prank.

Fair are the skies of the westering breeze

With cloud ships sailing by,

On, on through boundless azure seas.

Fair are earth's days 'neath quivering trees;

The blithe West wind am I.

Up from the south with smoke-blown hair

Drifting far a-rear,

I stroll with languid, passionate air;

I, the breeze from southern lair;

The idling days are here!

BEING LONELY

We four, the free Borean quartette,
Wild ranging the earth and sky;
No limits e'er confined us yet,
No bounds our spirits ever fret;
And can immortals die?

BEING LONELY

WAS there ever a more delicious time for being lonely than on a warm night late in fall when one may sit by the open window with a little southerly breeze stirring the dying leaves outside in the moonlight, and the chir-r-r, chir-r-r of the cricket sounding from the grass?

If any poet were able to put into words the greatest depths of life, depths that come within the grasp of the human mind only at such times, his would be a song to eclipse in grandeur any ever written. There is that in life which the soul knows and of which glimpses are occasionally visible to the mind, though lying too deep for even the poet's craft to lure to the surface.

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Life is not the shallow thing that the world worshippers count it. Its depths are possessed of joys that none dare attempt to portray. It is in the loneliness of such nights in their throbbing, thinking loneliness that these depths open before us acquainting us with a joy which is no less a joy because of its exquisite sadness.

To say that one knows nothing of such feelings, that one has never felt the presence of those subliminal joys is to argue one's self shallow of heart and incapable of the happiness of Vagabondia.

SPRING FOR ME!

THERE'S a whisper in the heart,
When the buds begin to start,
That allures.
When the birds their lyrics spill,
Loud they call from hill to hill,
"Joy is yours!"

How the green rimmed pasture pond,
How the velvet slopes beyond
Beckon there!
How the singing waterfall
And the piping marshlands call
"Banish care!"

Forests, where the sun shines through
On anemone and rue,
Lead us on.
Cowslips by the river bloom;
Willows by the old mill flume
Verdure don.

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Happiness all seasons know,
Tides of joy that ebb and flow,
Spring for me!
Nature's calling sinner, saint.
Burst the bonds of all restraint!
Come, be free!

STONEWALLS

I HAVE sought in vain among the nature books so common nowadays for a book of stonewalls. If you think stonewalls are not a part of nature, it is simply because you are not on friendly footing with them. A brand new stonewall is indeed an ugly sight, no matter how elaborately laid, but the old stone fence of the landscape is as much a part of nature as the shrubs, and more, by right of its primogeniture. Unfortunately however for the lover of the natural, the stone fence is doomed to follow into obscurity the gnarled and ragged stump fence and the zigzag fence of split rails.

Few people among the younger generation

STONEWALLS

have even seen the fence made of huge stumps in inverted position with their octopus-like arms reaching heavenward, and many know the rail fence only through reading the life of Abraham Lincoln, but the stonewall is still a thing common enough, especially in the East.

Did you ever notice how a stonewall reflects the nature and even the quality of the land which it encloses? One need not be a geologist to note such a resemblance. I wonder that Thoreau did not write more about stonewalls and less about beans.

A stonewall is one of the best of companions, and if there is any walk that breeds an outdoor love, it is that which follows the wall's rambling route; where the goldenrod rallies in greatest numbers its gilded guidons, where the briers seek protection against the ruthless blade of the destroying scythe, and where the chipmunk finds a broad and unobstructed highway leading to the woods.

Along its course one may wander with a safe assurance of a pleasant seat for a rest when the spirit bids one stop and muse upon the glow of

THE VAGABOND BOOK

sunlight on a distant hilltop, or upon the song of the rustling leaves in the poplar grove.

Anyone can clamber over a stonewall. It forms no prohibitory boundary for the walker, and yet it restrains even the ambitious sheep and forms such an imperishable indication of the limit of ownership as outlasts the memory of generations.

The old stonewalls of eastern Massachusetts, dating back to Battle of Concord and Lexington days are a part of the history of our country. Those of other states, notably the South, are not less so. What a pity that they must all disappear to be replaced by spick and span barbed wires, the enemy of stock and the despair of cross-lots travelers!

In the stonewall we truly have a link that helps to bind the past of our fathers to the future of our children. Its gradual extinction may serve to remind the Vagabond that the necessities of civilization are slowly driving into the background a thousand artifices that have long contributed a great deal to the pleasure of the lovers of outdoors, making clear the fact that though

ALONG THE OLD STONEWALL

we enjoy much by living in the commercial present, on the other hand we miss much of which the Vagabond of the past was possessor.

ALONG THE OLD STONE- WALL

HERE'S out to stroll by the old stonewall
That borders in grey the fields of fall.

Its stones are moss and lichen lined,
With virgin's bower 'tis overtwined;

The goldenrod its body-guard,
With waving guidons, yellow starred.

Here a place where the top is gone,
There, and there, the bar-gaps yawn;

With crumbling spots all sheep-proof made
By rough hewn rails across them laid.

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Along the way of this old rock fence,
From open lot to forest dense,

We roam with eyes for the glories rare
Of nature's autumn toilet fair.

We linger with a lagging tread
Where orchard fruit lie yellow and red,

And breathe the odor of drying corn
In skirting the field all harvest shorn.

By woodchuck, burrow and bubbling spring
The vagrant wall goes wandering

Until it leaves the pasture land,
With grassy slopes sun brown and tanned,

And disappears beneath the shade
Of templed woodland's high arcade.

There's no such stroll the country o'er
As that across the dry turf floor

Of outdoor autumn; and of all
The ways, choose that by the old stonewall.

CROSS LOTS

WHO of the nature lovers would prefer the beaten path to the cross-lots way?

To most people the short cut through the woods is the nearest route. To the Vagabond the old saying is true, "The longest way 'round is the shortest way home." The cross-lots walk will delay you, my gypsy hearted one, until the fire burns low and the supper grows cold with waiting.

You and I do not go cross lots because it is shorter; we go because we like that way. That way stands the little clump of pines where one may lie on the needle cushioned ground by the hour and dream of the glorious things that could be accomplished if circumstances were only sufficiently favorable.

That way the little stream sings through the willows and an occasional trout darts up over the rift into the deep hole where the big elm has balked the attacks of the water upon the high bank. That way are the songs of birds, the flower pictures, the perfumes of the orchard blossoms, hay fields or corn shocks, as the season is.

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That way lies all that is good outdoors, all that pulls at the heart strings.

For sake of the going cross lots one would almost be willing to have lived in the pioneer days when to go the neighbor's meant to walk two or three miles up the hill back of the farmhouse, through the deep shade of the beech wood, across the oak opening with its dancing lights and shadows, and down the ravine beyond, following a rugged bridle path to the log house. There is quite too much improvement and too little original simplicity nowadays. It is difficult to get far enough away from the commercialism so that one will not be stared out of countenance by its omnipresent obviousness.

If we are properly metropolitan we love the noise of traffic (theoretically) and we pride ourselves upon the rapid advancement of *our* times. There is something in the power, in the momentum of our civilization that appeals even to the Vagabond in a general way; but we like to leave it all behind and get where it can be forgotten. We would like to get where it would efface itself from our minds, where there need be no sensible

CROSS LOTS

effort to forget, but its universality makes that impossible. Even when sitting down to write of the beauties of Cross Lots one can scarcely refrain from drifting back into a consideration of what one goes cross lots to avoid.

Never mind! The gypsy heart will find that while it is likely to forget commercialism in the halls of finance, it can never forget nature in the woods and fields.

JUNE

THE joys of June, O Heart, are here;
Now let me whisper; bend an ear.

Just out beyond the village end
Where you and I our way may wend,

There stretches, 'neath the osiers tall,
A lane where long, green shadows fall.

Below the willows, overhung
By bending branches outward flung,

The mill-stream freed from tread-mill grind
Slips on, a simpler life to find.

Its laughing song but echoes there
The songs of willow choir lofts, where

A thousand feathered pipes o' Pan
Make rhythmic challenge, clan to clan.

A meadow's daisy-dotted plain,
Where bobolinks to sport are fain,

JUNE

Sweeps down the slope to edge of rill
And back again to hooded hill;

While floating on the drifting wind
Come perfumes such as lead the mind

On journeys far—as far away
As Blessed Isles or dim Cathay.

How twilight in the willowed lane
Will sweeten life and dull its pain!

How morning there, where sweeter dews
Than those of Paradise infuse,

Inspires the soul to do and dare,
To fling to winds creed, custom, care!

How clarion noon, rare noon of June,
Will set one's love of life in tune!

What banks of blossom line the way!
What June-born zephyrs o'er them play!

Beneath the trees what vistas show,
Where radiant sunlight sets aglow.

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The clover-perfumed hunting ground
Where bee and butterfly abound!

O Heart, the lure of willowed lane
And joys of June are here again.

No sweeter secret can I tell,
All souls with happiness to swell.

June, June, let lovers' voices croon,
Let all earth sing! O Heart, 't is June!

OCTOBER

HERE'S to ripe October, lads;
Sing ho for her blazing hills,
With purpling vine and air like wine
That through us throbs and thrills!

Sing ho for crispy, sparkling dawns
That set the foot astir
To travel down the highway brown,
Through falling leaf and burr!

O red and gold; O red and gold;
And haze in the faraways,
The roadsides blue with asters hue,
Green sedge by the waterways!

The rover heart finds over-joy,
The wayworn heart finds life;
Then ho for the time when spirits climb
Beyond the clash of strife!

AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD

AMONG the scenes most deeply impressed upon the mind of the city-bred man are those of his rare boyhood visits to the country, and valued highly among his mental treasures are memories of days spent in visits to country relatives where the welcome of the farm was of a hearty, cordial nature, backed by a hospitality that knew none of the town's mechanical formality.

Many a man who clings too tenaciously to money making from year's end to year's end has, in the heat and humidity which crowd the city's summer night, thought longingly of an arrival alone on a July evening years ago at grandfather's farm; of the impatient, boyish eagerness to visit at once the barns, the horses and the cattle, and to explore without delay all the odd corners of a place full of novelty and entrancing possibilities—only reluctantly admitting the propriety of postponing his divers excursions until morning.

How vividly the man's present position in a

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

life of care and worry contrasts with that of the boy the first night on a farm! Taken to a scrupulously neat little bedroom at the head of the front stairs, he was left with a good-night kiss by a fond aunt, and was soon in bed, with probably a homesick tear or two in his eyes as he thought of the distance between himself and father and mother.

In at the vine-covered window was wafted the sweet perfume of a flower garden, old fashioned in its growth of hollyhocks, sweet peas, mignonette and lavender; while from beyond, through the myriad rustling leaves of the orchard, came the music of the brook as it rippled along over the mossy stones, between banks overhung with willows and sedges, singing the same happy song that marked its course in the bright sunlight of mid-day, though how differently its cadences effect the listener who hears them breaking through the solemn stillness of a summer night!

Mingled with the incessant babble of the brook came the plaintively weird notes of the "peeper," and at intervals the harsh "garung" of a solitary frog from among the sweet flag and the cat-

THE VAGABOND BOOK

tails in a far-off marshy spot. Soothed by these, nature's own soft lullabys, weariness soon overcame the home-longing, and restful and refreshing Sleep took the boy in her arms.

The man can remember few happier occasions than the morning of his first awakening to the joys of farm life when, aroused by a gentle tap on his door, he bounded out of bed at once, anxious to be up and doing. The early morning sunlight filtered through the vines into his room, and the cooing of the doves around the barn could be heard, taking the place of the daybreak carnival of the wilder birds in the orchard trees.

By the time he came downstairs the family breakfast was ready, and after a hearty meal he set out upon his tour of exploration. It was haying time and when he reached the barn he found the horses hitched to a mowing machine and just starting for the meadow. Of course he followed in their wake and was soon watching the daisy tops tremble and fall before the ruthless cut-bar while strawberries in profusion crimsoned the white petals as they were crushed beneath the horses' tread or the iron wheels of the mower.

AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD

As the sun rose higher, the circumference of the plot of standing grass contracted until the bob-o'-links that had fluttered about so gayly in the earlier morning, betook themselves to fresher fields, where their erratic flights and more erratic song would be uninterrupted.

By noon the grass was down and there showed only the long tracks of the mower's wheels with the timothy laid smoothly between, while around the outer edge by the stone wall, were tumbled in ragged confusion the rough briars and the alders trimmed out with a scythe, and over it all hovered the sweet scent of the drying grass.

In the afternoon with the barns deserted, the men and horses at work, the cattle in the pasture, and even the ubiquitous hens foraging or dusting themselves in the highway, the boy explored the hay-mows and turned somersaults down their uneven surfaces, or jumped from the big beam to the springy cushion below; raced up and down the stationary ladders whose hard rungs were worn smooth and slippery by years of everyday use; climbed over feed-bins and mangers, crawled through stanchions and under dusty,

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cobwebby stairways until, when the horn sounded summoning all hands to supper, he emerged from the barn a tired and dirty, but happy youngster.

Following the early supper-time came milking, which was a process new to the boy, and with much interest he watched the cows wander through the pasture bars into the barnyard, one by one finding their devious ways into the right places in the stable; and he has probably never in later years seen anything that has excited his wonder and admiration as did the ability of the hired man to milk into the mouth of an old tabby cat as she sat on the stable window-sill waiting for her regular portion.

This day was but one of a succession of days of unalloyed pleasure, in which the hay was dried and brought in with shouts of laughter from the high loads upon which the boy rode in state to the barn where he was tossed like a big ball over into the mow.

One source of joy was the little stream which wandered along the side of the meadow, and further down passed from view in the woods that descended the hill to its edge, and in the cool

AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD

depths of whose pools where the water swirled around the big rocks or writhed through the gnarled roots that thrust their octopus-like arms into the chattering current, there lurked trout in abundance.

Then, too, there were eggs to be hunted lest some motherly inclined biddy should hide her nest and bring forth one day a brood of too late summer chicks. There were small pigs, ducks, a flock of pigeons, turkeys, and one grandly proud peacock. Each came in for its share in contributing to the amusement of the boy visitor, and when the time came for him to go back to his city home, it was with feelings of genuine sadness that he parted from every inhabitant of the farm, from the mouse he had captured alive in the granary, to grandfather himself who knew that nothing was too good for that boy.

OLD HOME HILLS

OLD home hills that shimmer and shine
From valley land to timber line,
Ribbed with drifts where stone walls
stood,
Crowned by the blue and barren wood,
Dotted with sombre spruce and pine,
Each with its peaked, snowy hood;

Spring-time hills of sober brown,
Early green, where ripple down
A myriad minute waterways;
Hills whose smiles on April days
Displace the winter's darkling frown
And charm again our eager gaze;

Hills of summer's dusky green
Where stately trees their verdure preen;
Hills whose softened outlines lie
Graceful 'gainst an azure sky
While the velvet clouds careen
Over plumed hilltops high;

OLD HOME HILLS

Autumn hills of opal hue
Reaching up to heaven's blue,
Or flaming bright with red and gold,
Gayest of nature's colors bold,
With dazzling beauties ever new
That our enchanted eyes behold;

These are the old home hills we know
And love through rain or sun or snow.
Though wandering wide from land to land,
Though under foreign flags we stand,
We follow in our minds their slow,
Constant changing, ever grand.

GOING FISHING

FISHING nowadays could scarcely be properly called "The Contemplative Man's Recreation," as Walton described it. It has become one of the strenuous sports of the time of too much strenuousness. To most people it means whipping as many miles of some stream as can be covered in a day, and bagging as many fish as can be captured in the time. I suppose there must be two kinds of fishing—the strenuous and the contemplative fishing.

The former kind is the more exercise, the more fashionable, if fashions there be in fishing, and perhaps gets the more fish, but even so, the contemplative fisherman gets the more real enjoyment out of the sport.

The good Sir Isaac was never guilty of seeing how many fish he could catch or of boasting of the number. He made it his pride to get the best of the available fish and to go still further, seeing that they were prepared for the table in the way that produced the best results.

If you belong to the tribe of strenuous fisher-

GOING FISHING

men you will not enjoy a talk about the other sort of fishing. The best sort of fishing is not the sort that counts its catch at every fresh addition to the basket. The real fun of a fishing excursion is the fishing, not the fish. The means, not the end, is the enjoyable part.

The sort of an expedition that a boy likes begins with getting up at three o'clock in the morning, sallying forth to the best trout stream and commencing to fish at daylight. A boy will get up at two o'clock to go fishing when you could not drag him out at seven to weed garden—and he is not to be blamed for that either.

A boy is not a contemplative fisherman, nor does he belong to the other class, but he will surprise you with the amount of philosophy of which he is innocently capable. He will surprise you too with the number of fish that he will catch. Few boys are wanton in their fishing or their hunting. Their love of killing for the mere sake of killing has not yet been developed. That will come when they arrive at the age of thinking themselves men.

When you go fishing, take time. Never go in

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a hurry if you would enjoy yourself. No sport so imperatively requires an utter disregard of the fleeting hours. No sport is so thoroughly the Vagabond's own.

The very best plan for a fishing trip is to get all things ready at night for a start at an early hour in the morning. Have breakfast in the gray dawn and set out afoot. It is not to be a Pullman car pilgrimage but a little journey to the home of the finny tribe.

The river is easy of access but there are few trout there. The fish that we want are in the smaller streams that come wandering down the little valleys tributary to the main one. If you cannot get the right sort of a companion for the trip, go alone. A man who likes the contemplative sort of angling will enjoy it by himself and be none the less a companionable fellow at that. Chatterboxes are not fishermen and fishermen are never chatterboxes when they are fishing.

A good company for a fishing expedition is made up of a small boy and his uncle. It is good company for the small boy and good company for the uncle. They meet on equal ground and on

GOING FISHING

an even basis. Age is no advantage and youth is no handicap.

The two start down along the brown highway in the early morning light, talking as they go of the good holes in the brook they are to fish and of the bait that is most likely to prove effective. By the time they reach the point where the smaller stream branches off and the rough, stony by-road meets the better river highway, it is full daylight and a crimson aureole shows where the sun will appear in less than an hour.

Up the little stream a short distance stands the old sawmill that has cleared the hillsides of the valley of spruce and pine and that is now a battered wreck with a mud-filled pond above the falls where the water tumbles down over the mossy planking of the dam and spurts out from the places where an occasional plank is gone.

In the hole where the fallen water eddies around before starting for the river, the boy finds his first trout, while his older companion is yet fixing his rod. Then up the stream they go, working slowly along through willow copse and tangled woods and across pasture and meadow

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land, pulling here a gamy fish from a rift and there a twenty-ounce beauty from a hole under the birches.

Snappy dace fool them and minnows use up the bait, but the sport is good and each fisherman follows his own pace and keeps his own counsel. Time counts for naught and before they have given hunger a thought it is noon, and as the fact is made patent by a glance at their diminutive shadows, they realize that it is many hours since they have eaten and that lunch would be and is the most desirable thing in the world.

Here is a spot where a clump of water beeches surrounds a patch of smooth greensward, making an ideal dining hall. Then comes an hour of rest with an interchange of experiences, a telling how this big one got away just as he was almost in the basket, and how that old and cunning chap in the hole below the woods must be caught on the return. The little incidents of such a trip are of no moment, yet how charmingly they beguile the time of lunch, taken as they are, between bites while the trout in the baskets attract occasional attention by their fluttering.

GOING FISHING

After lunch, on again up the ever-narrowing stream, fishing the spring-runs and the cold-pools until there is scarcely water enough to wet the feet. Then a reeling up of lines and a disjoining of rods for the homeward trip. The bait is thrown away, except the bit that the boy saves for that one big trout, and the return walk begins with the sun well on its downward way. Just as it touches the tree-tops on the western crest, they reach the hole at the edge of the woods, and after a careful preparation of bait and a cautious up-creeping the boy throws his line out into the pool for the wary one.

There is a moment of waiting, tense on the fisherman's part, cautiously intent on the part of the watcher; then a tug at the hook, a darting of the line through the water, a swish, a splash—and once more the biggest fish has got away!

But this serves only to add to the interest of the conversation on the way and to renew in the boy the resolution to get that particular fish.

As twilight falls on the homeward journey conversation stops or becomes only a matter of exclamations over some new appearing vista

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through the trees or some new and glorious tinge of the sunset. It has been a happy day, a day free from the care that shortens life. It has been a day when to weary one's self was to rest one's self abundantly, for it has rested the brain of the man and added to his store of physical health, while the boy has gained an added knowledge of patience, an added love for nature and an added appreciation of life.

No fishing of the man who goes into the woods and stays for weeks trying to make a record for the number or size of his catch, can put the things into his soul that he could get in one such day as the above. What a time for letting go, for loosening that nervous grip on the ambition, for resting that persistence, that determination without which they say we can never succeed!

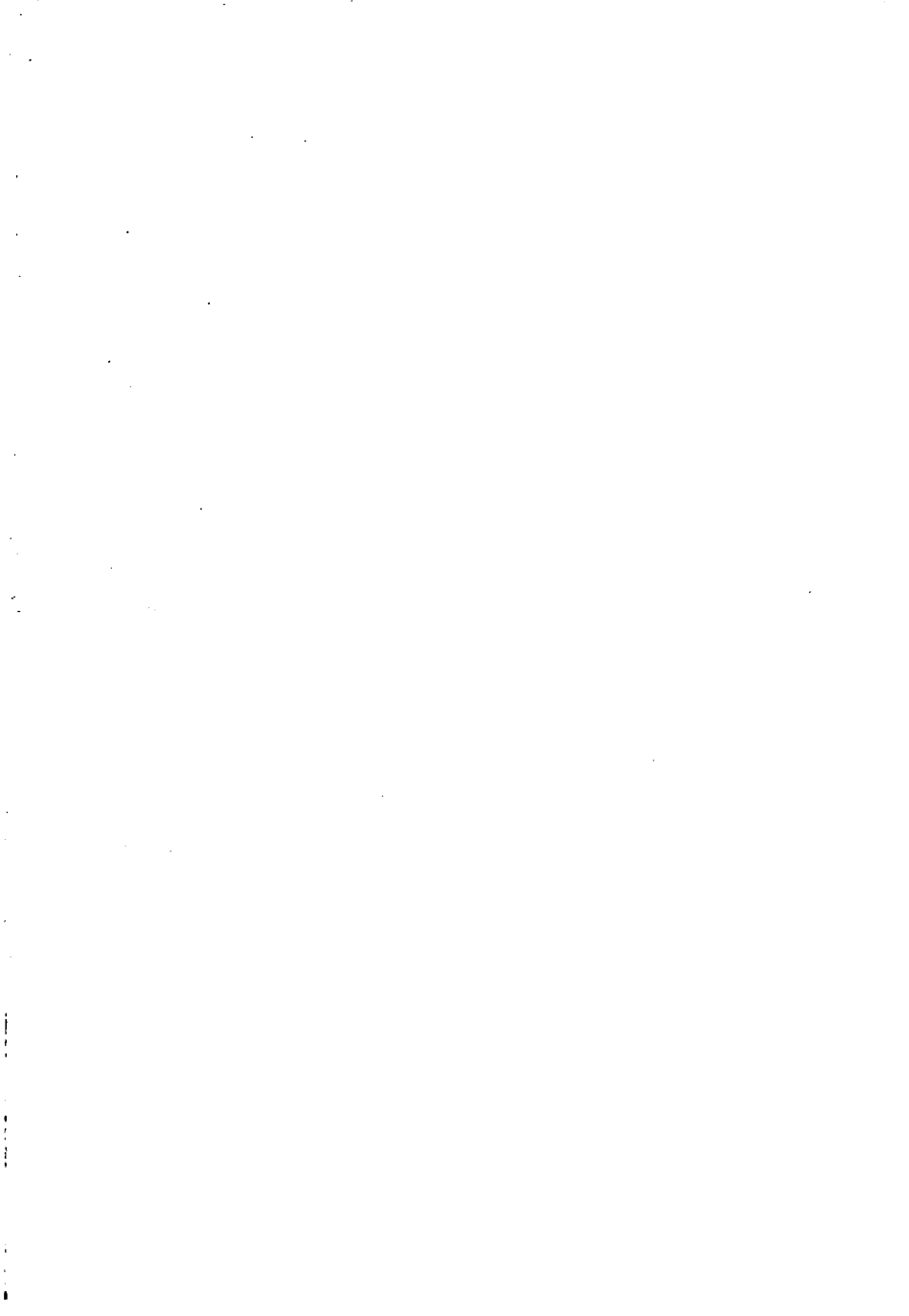
One always pulls the harder after settling back and getting a fresh grip, after resting for an instant. It is not well to try to hold on with all one's might all the time. There is plenty of time for rest. Let's go a-fishing!

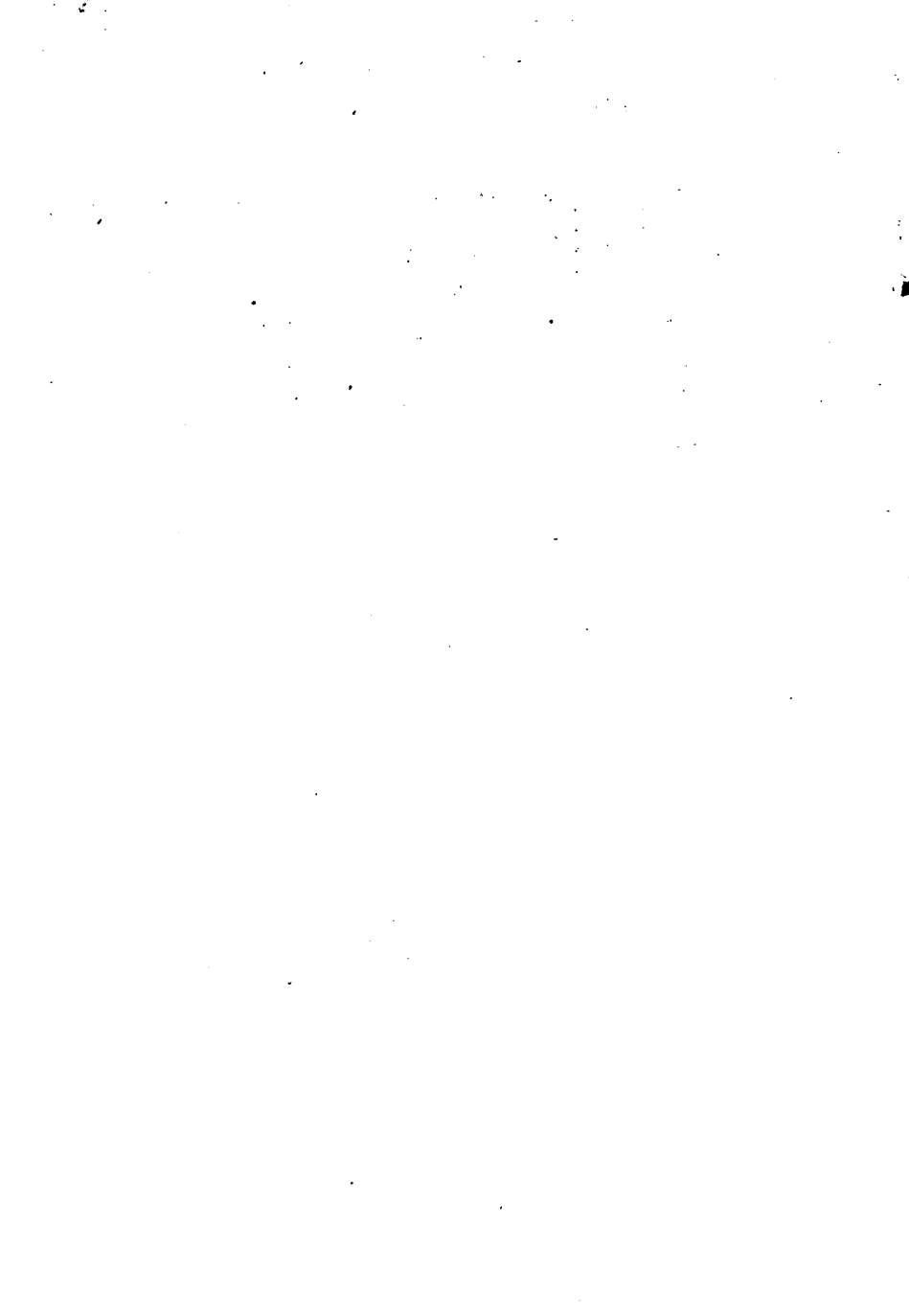
A GOOD-BYE

HERE'S farewell, my lad, at the parting
place

Where our ways must separate!
God give you wealth of joy and friends
And the upper hand of fate!







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